

POLICE

COMICS 10¢

OCTOBER No.23



HEY, PLASTIC MAN! DO YOU THINK HE WAS KILLED BY THE GHOST TRAIN?

THAT'S THE QUESTION IN MY MIND SPIRIT!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Boys!

FREE

5 POWER TELESCOPE



WITH THIS OFFER

If you order the Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun at once, we will include this big 13-inch 5-Power Telescope absolutely FREE. It's made with genuine ground, polished glass lenses. Enlarges everything to 5 times its size—brings objects 5 times closer. Perfect for spotting planes, ships, birds, sporting events, etc. We will also include a valuable Airplane Chart FREE, showing 31 Allied and Axis planes in silhouette so that they could be easily identified.

New COMMANDO KRAK-A-JAP MACHINE GUN

*Safe
Harmless!*



BOYS! BE THE FIRST ONE IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD TO OWN A "KRAK-A-JAP"

What a thrill you will get when you actually own and use the new Commando Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun. The gang will be green with envy if you are the first one in your neighborhood to get a Krak-A-Jap Commando Machine Gun and the FREE 5-Power Telescope.

You needn't send a single penny. Have Dad or Mother fill out and mail the "no risk" coupon. When your Krak-A-Jap and Free Telescope arrive, just pay the postman \$1.98 plus a few pennies postage and c.o.d. charges. If the Krak-A-Jap isn't more fun than a "barrel of monkeys," just return it within 10 days and we will refund your money in full. Don't forget, if you RUSH your order at once, we send you the big 5-Power Telescope absolutely FREE.

How would you like to play "WAR" with your very own Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun? So completely does it resemble the real machine gun used by our Commandos, that you will get a thrill when you get it in your hands. You will be positively amazed when you hear its loud machine gun noise that can be heard for hundreds of feet.

The Krak-A-Jap is made of wood and non-critical material and it's built to stand up and take plenty of hard knocks. It measures over 27 inches from the handle to the tip of the gun and it is painted in true army camouflage colors throughout. It's loads of fun—makes a noise like a real battle is going on—but it's absolutely SAFE and HARMLESS. Rush your order today while our limited supply lasts.

Send no money

To Get Your **COMMANDO** Machine Gun and **FREE Telescope**

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART

500 N Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. Dept. 1703

Gentlemen: I enclose my check or money order for \$1.98. Please rush me the new Commando Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun with the understanding that if I am not fully satisfied with it, I may return it in 10 days and get my money back. You are to include absolutely FREE the 5-Power Telescope described above.

Name

Address

City State

☐ Please ship the Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun and Free Telescope c.o.d. I will pay the postman \$1.98 plus postage and c.o.d. charges.

☐ Please send me 2 Krak-A-Jap Machine Guns and 2 Free Telescopes at the special price of \$3.79 (a saving of 17c)

Hurry Fellas! Rush This Coupon



**WHAT HAPPENS WHEN
PLASTIC MAN AND
WOODY FIND THEMSELVES
ON A HAUNTED TRAIN IN
THE MIST OF A GANG OF
CUTTHROATS?...
YOU GUESSED IT!...
BAM! BIFF! ZOWIE!**

AT THE
OFFICE OF
J. NOBLE
WOPPS,
RAILROAD
MAGNATE...

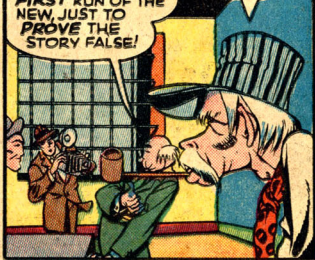
YES, GENTLEMEN,
IT'S TRUE... THE OLD
POTTSVILLE LINE
IS BEING PUT BACK
INTO ACTIVE SERVICE
TO AID WAR
TRANSPORTATION!

DIDN'T IT GO
OUT OF
BUSINESS
YEARS AGO,
MR. WOPPS?

WASN'T THERE A
STORY OF THE
LINE BEING
HAUNTED
?

PURE POPPYCOCK!...
WHY, ENGINEER
GUFFY, HERE, WHO
MADE THE **LAST** RUN
OF THE OLD DAYS,
WILL MAKE THE
FIRST RUN OF THE
NEW, JUST TO
PROVE THE
STORY FALSE!

I OBEY
ORDERS, BUT
**NO GOOD
WILL COME
OF THIS!**



AND... IN A LAIR BENEATH THE SLUMS
OF MAMMOTH CITY

HERE IT IS...
SAYS THE
OLD GHOST
TRAIN'LL
START RUNNING
TOMORROW

IT MAY
START
BUT IT'LL
NEVER
FINISH!

HEH-HEH!
IT'LL
FINISH,
ALL RIGHT,
BUT
PERMANENTLY!



AT CAPTAIN MURPHY'S OFFICE, MAMMOTH
CITY'S POLICE STATION

EVER SINCE
PLASTIC MAN
JOINED THE
F. B. I.,
OUR POLICE
RECORD HAS
NOSE-DIVED!

WHAT'S THE
MATTER
WITH YOU
DEAD HEADS?

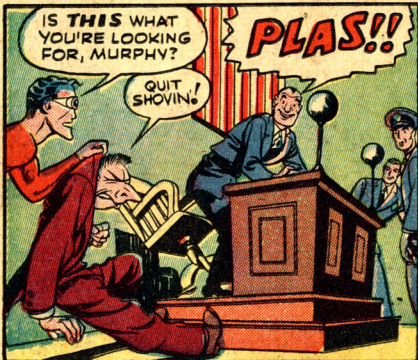
YOU **KNOW**
THAT **SNOUT
SNIGGERS**
ESCAPED
FROM THE
PEN AND IS IN
TOWN! --
**YET YOU
CAN'T PICK
HIM UP!**



IS **THIS** WHAT
YOU'RE LOOKING
FOR, MURPHY?

QUIT
SHOVIN'!

PLAS!!



HI'YA,
PLAS,
OLD
BOY?

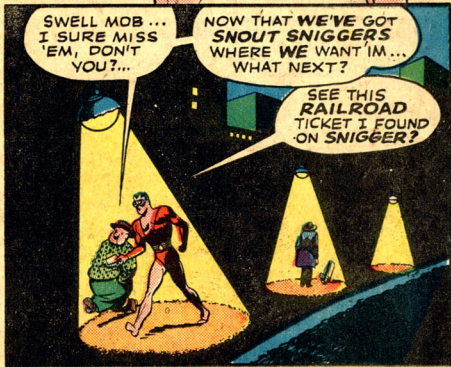
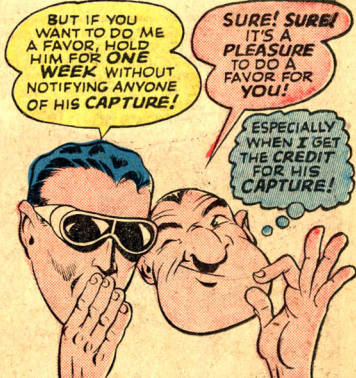
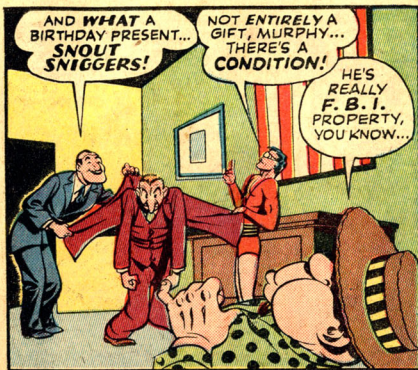
HI,
WOODY!

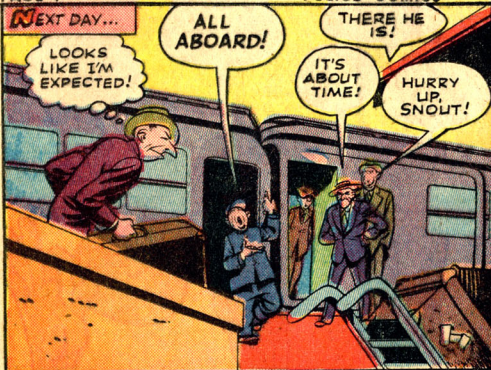
AM I EVER
GLAD TO SEE
YOU!

HOW'S
EVERYTHING
IN THE
F. B. I.?

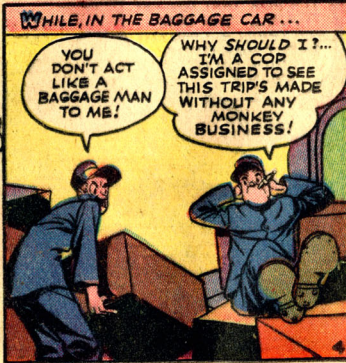
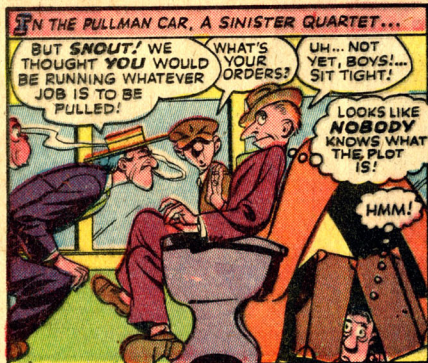
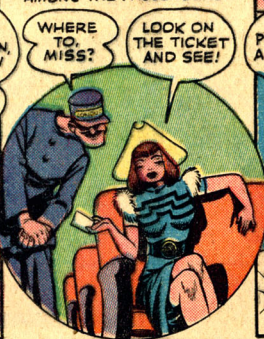
OH...
**WE'RE
GOING
GREAT
GUNS!**







A LADY, NAME UNKNOWN, IS AMONG THE PASSENGERS...



MEANWHILE ... IN THE ENGINE CAB...

I THOUGHT
THIS TRAIN
WAS TO CARRY
SUPPLIES
TO THE ARMED
FORCES!

SO IT
IS!

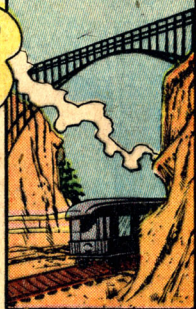


WHY PASSENGER
CARS, THEN?...
WHY NOT
FREIGHT?

JUST A
BLIND!
OUR FIRST
HAUL IS THE
PAYROLL FOR
CAMP ARMSTEAD!
BUT KEEP IT
TO YOURSELF
AND DON'T
ASK ME WHERE
THE CASH
IS!



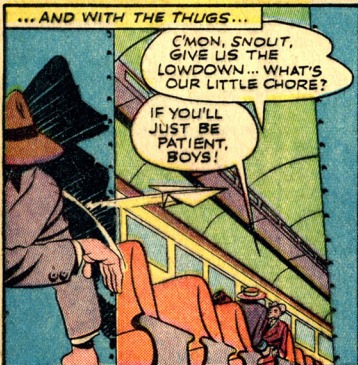
ON INTO THE
EVENING THE
TRAIN RUMBLES...



... AND WITH THE THUGS ...

C'MON, SNOUT,
GIVE US THE
LOWDOWN ... WHAT'S
OUR LITTLE CHORE?

IF YOU'LL
JUST BE
PATIENT,
BOYS!



WHAT'S THIS?

A
PAPER
PLANE!

GOT
IT!

WHATTA
REACH!

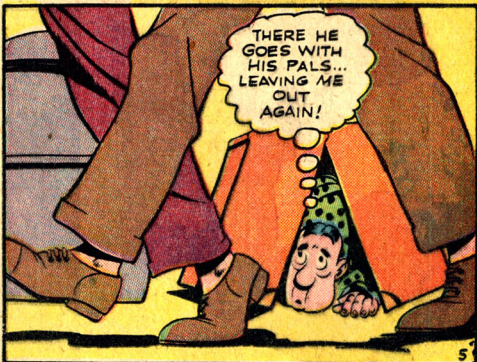


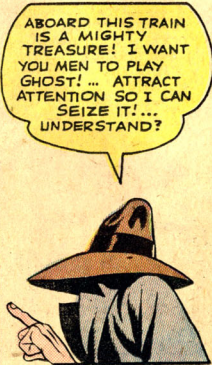
IT'S A NOTE ... "BE
READY TO HEAR
ORDERS! COME, ONE
BY ONE, TO PRIVATE
COMPARTMENT!
SNOUT FIRST!"

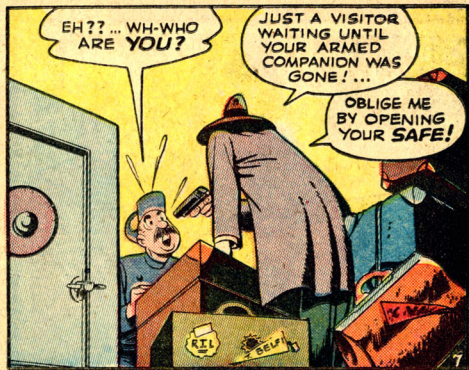
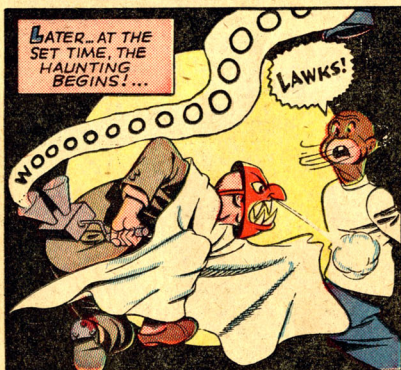
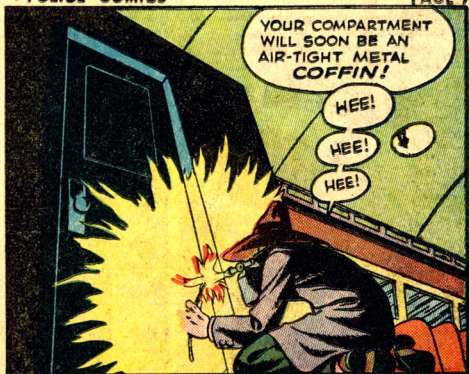
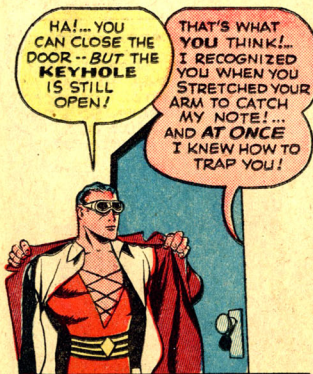
LET'S
GO!

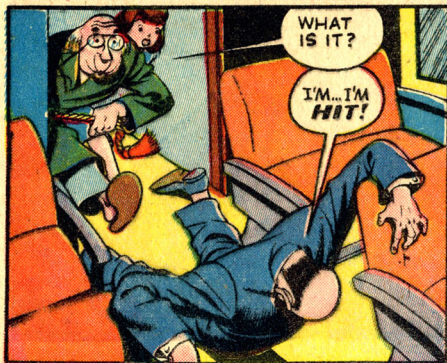
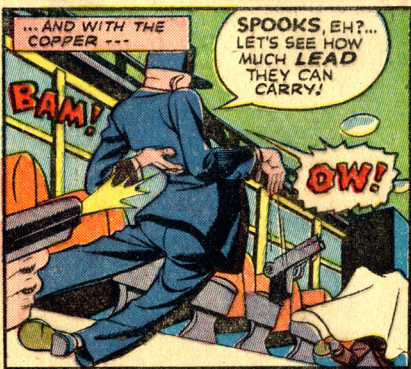
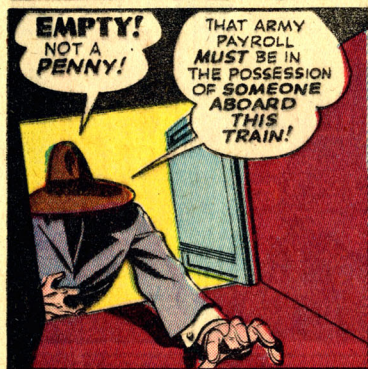
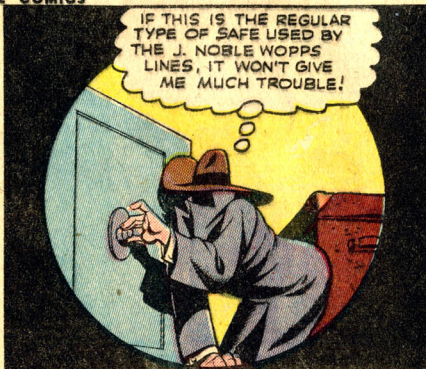
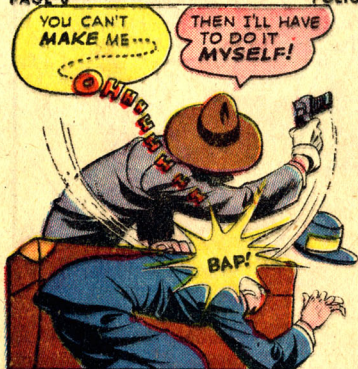


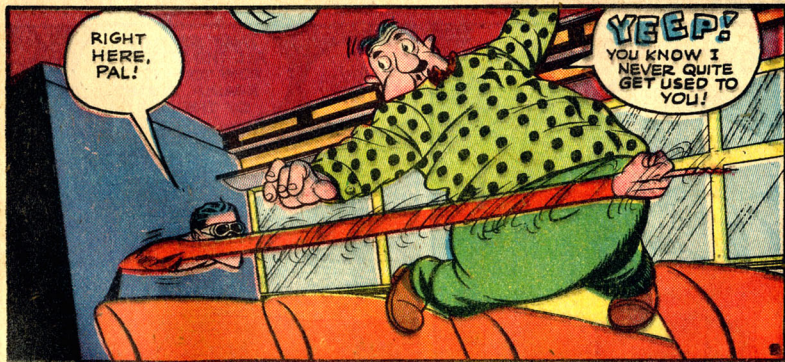
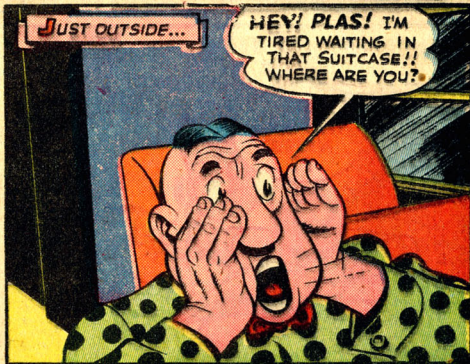
THERE HE
GOES WITH
HIS PALS...
LEAVING ME
OUT
AGAIN!

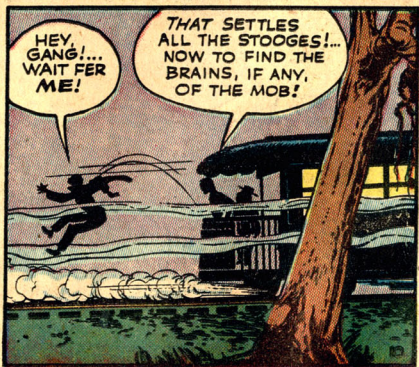
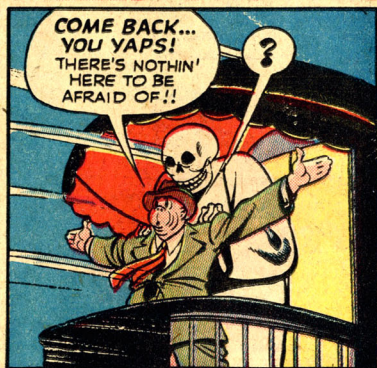
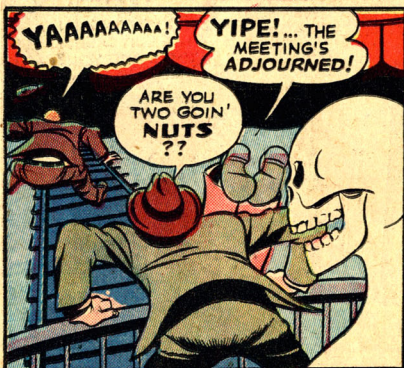
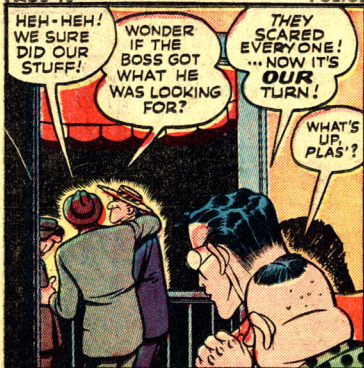


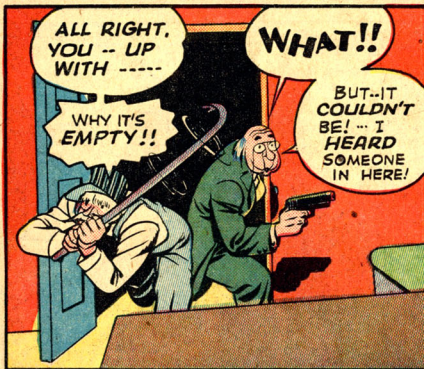
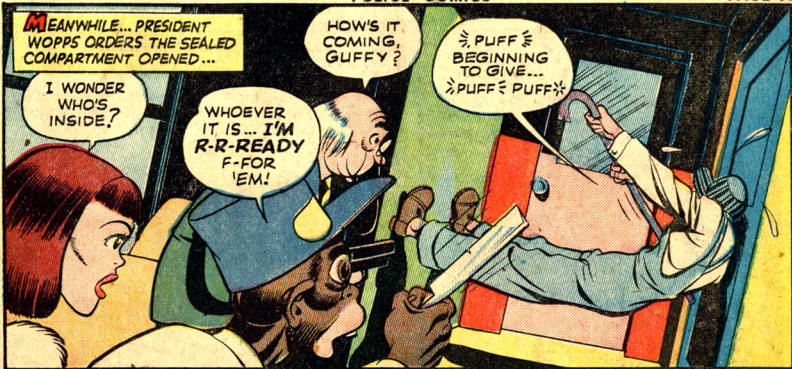


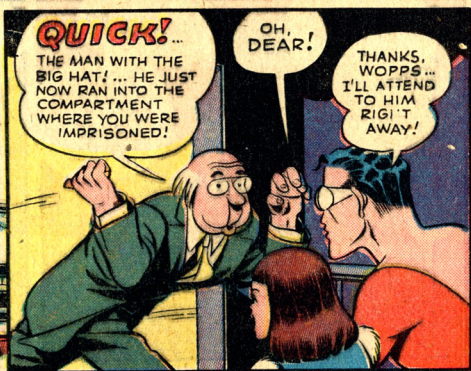
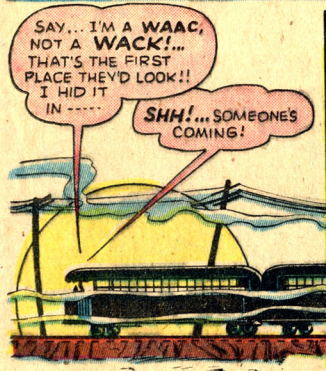
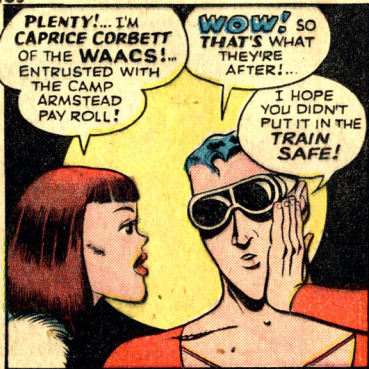
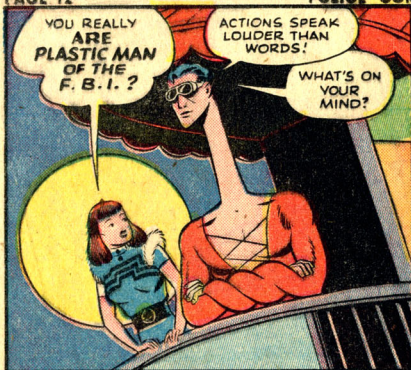










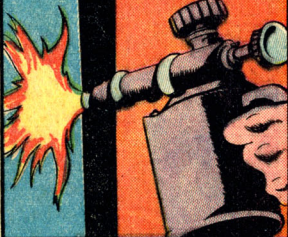


THE DOOR!

SOMEBODY
SLAMMED
IT!

SLAM!

SEALED IN
AGAIN! ... AND
THIS TIME, NOTHIN'
THEY CAN USE
FOR A DRILL!



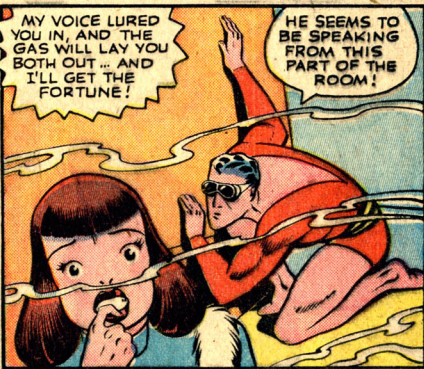
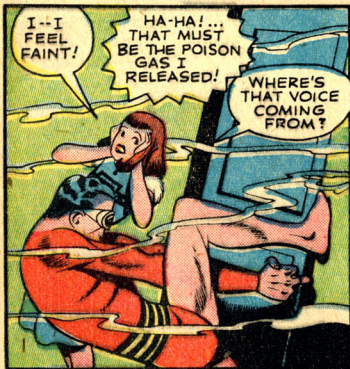
I--I
FEEL
FAINT!

HA-HA! ...
THAT MUST
BE THE POISON
GAS I
RELEASED!

WHERE'S
THAT VOICE
COMING
FROM?

MY VOICE LURED
YOU IN, AND THE
GAS WILL LAY YOU
BOTH OUT ... AND
I'LL GET THE
FORTUNE!

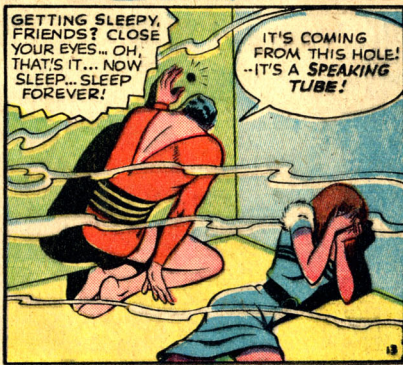
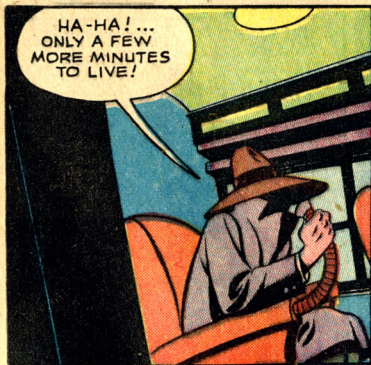
HE SEEMS TO
BE SPEAKING
FROM THIS
PART OF THE
ROOM!

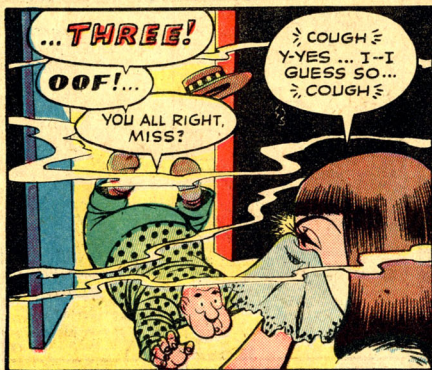
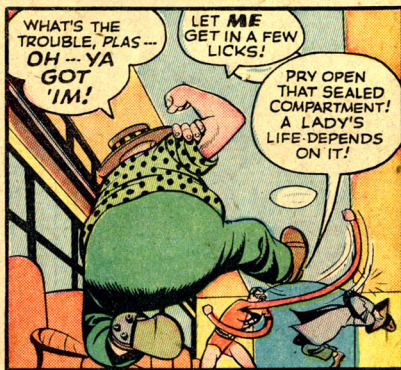
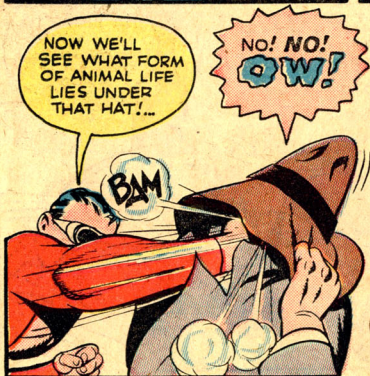
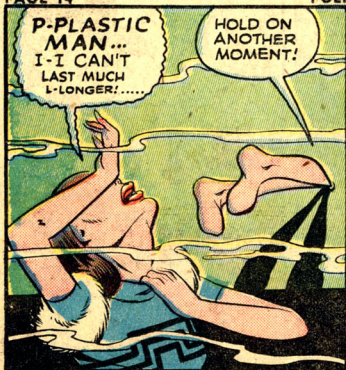


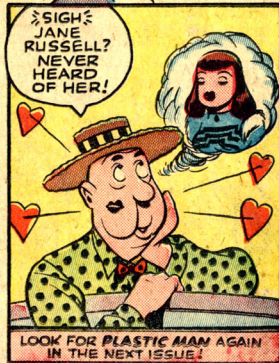
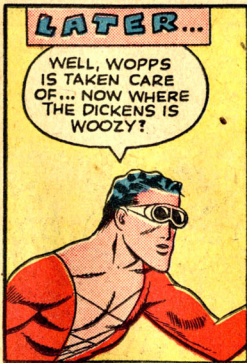
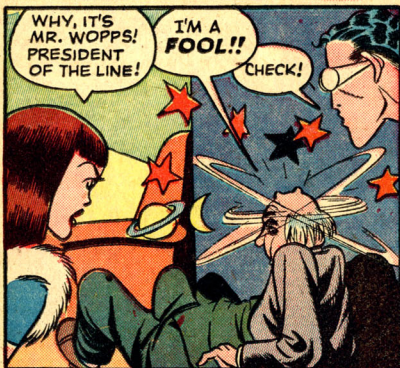
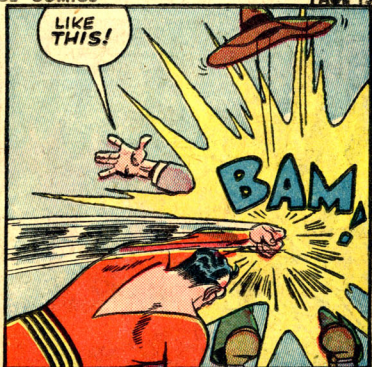
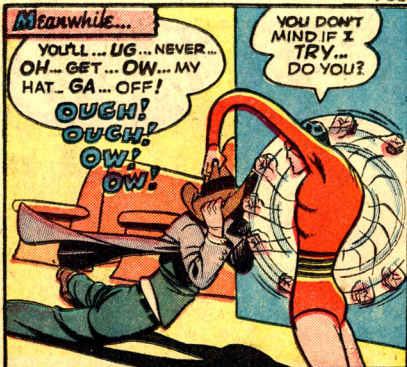
HA-HA! ...
ONLY A FEW
MORE MINUTES
TO LIVE!

GETTING SLEEPY,
FRIENDS? CLOSE
YOUR EYES ... OH,
THAT'S IT ... NOW
SLEEP ... SLEEP
FOREVER!

IT'S COMING
FROM THIS HOLE!
--IT'S A **SPEAKING
TUBE!**







THE HUMAN BOMB

FREAK OF NATURE? ... MAYBE!
ENIGMA OF SCIENCE? ... PROBABLY!
DOOM TO CRIMINALS? ... CERTAINLY!

ROY LINCOLN IS THE TRUE FRIEND OF ALL WHO HATE EVIL AND CRIME ... BUT DON'T SHAKE HANDS WITH HIM! HIS HANDS ARE AS EXPLOSIVE AS T.N.T.!!

EXPLOSIVE, TOO, ARE HIS FIGHTING HEART, HIS BRILLIANT BRAIN, HIS EVERY HOUR OF THUG-THUMPING ADVENTURE!

HEY, BOMB!
WAIT FOR ME!...
HUSTACE
THROCKMORTON,
YOUR PARTNER--
REMEMBER?

AT THE STATE PRISON, WHERE MURDERING, ROBBING WODE WIKARD HAS BUT ONE DAY TO LIVE BEFORE HE GETS THE CHAIR...

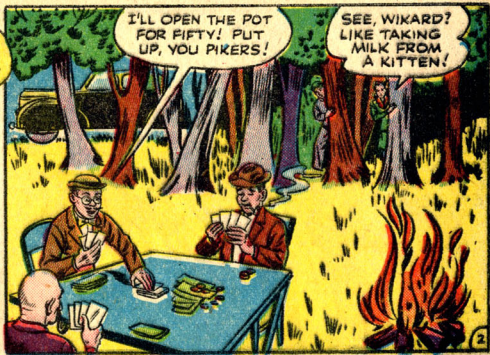
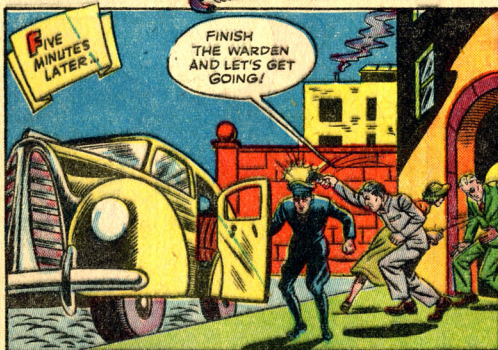
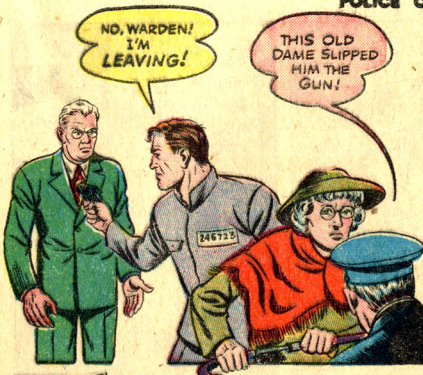
I'M HIS MOTHER, WARDEN! I SAW IN THE PAPER THAT HE WANTED TO SEE ME BEFORE HE DIED! AND HE'S STILL MY DEAR SON, THOUGH (SOB) HE'S DOOMED TO DEATH FOR HIS CRIMES!

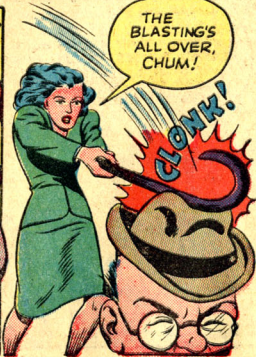
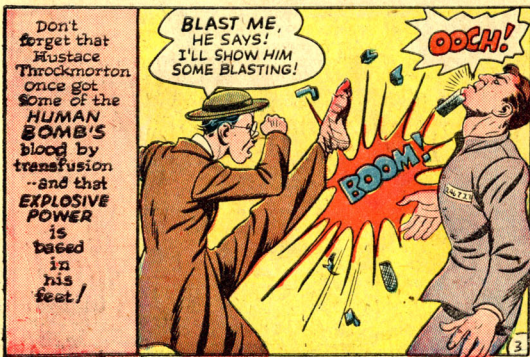
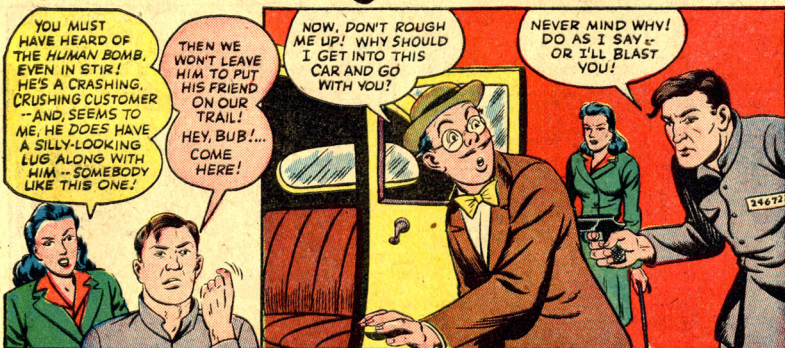
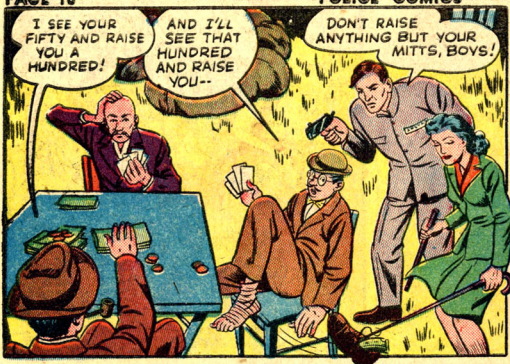
DON'T CRY,
MOTHER DEAR!
I HAVE THIS
COMING TO
ME!

SORRY,
BUT YOUR
TIME'S UP!
WIKARD
MUST GO
BACK TO
HIS CELL!

OKAY,
KEEPER!
LET HIM OUT
AND STAND
BY! GIVE
HIM FIVE
MINUTES!







MORE VIOLENCE! WIKARD
ALMOST MUFFED IT! I THINK
THIS LITTLE RACKET NEEDS A
WOMAN'S INTUITION
TO MAKE IT
SUCCESSFUL!



AT THE
HOME OF
ROY
LINCOLN,
THE
HUMAN
BOMB...

FLASH!... A CARD GAME
WAS HELD UP TODAY. AND ONE
OF THE PLAYERS, HUSTACE
THROCKMORTON, WAS KID-
NAPPED BY AN ARMED BANDIT
THOUGHT TO BE THE ESCAPED
KILLER, WODE WIKARD! ...
THIS TOOK PLACE IN
BUENA PARK, JUST
OUTSIDE THE CITY
LIMITS ...

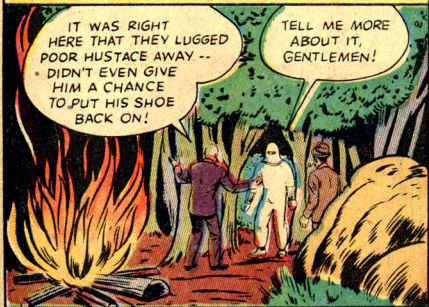


DOESN'T HUSTACE
EVER STAY OUT
OF TROUBLE?

MINUTES LATER... A STRANGELY ARMORED FIGURE
STRIDES UPON THE SCENE OF THE SADLY
INTERRUPTED GAME... IT'S THE HUMAN BOMB!

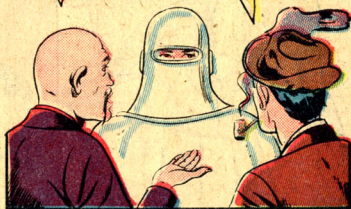
IT WAS RIGHT
HERE THAT THEY LUGGED
POOR HUSTACE AWAY --
DIDN'T EVEN GIVE
HIM A CHANCE
TO PUT HIS SHOE
BACK ON!

TELL ME MORE
ABOUT IT,
GENTLEMEN!



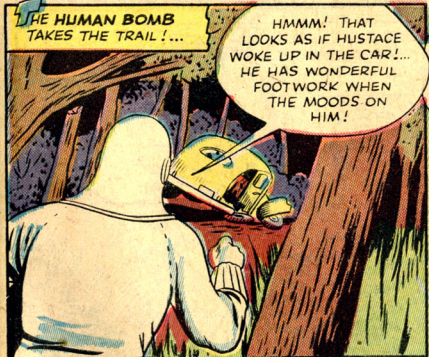
IT'S OKAY!...
THIS IS THE
HUMAN
BOMB!
MAYBE HE'LL
GET HUSTACE
BACK!

THEY MARCHED
HIM OVER TO THAT
OLD ROAD, AND
SLUGGED HIM --
THEN THEY DROVE
AWAY TO THE
NORTH!



THE HUMAN BOMB
TAKES THE TRAIL!...

HMMM! THAT
LOOKS AS IF HUSTACE
WOKE UP IN THE CAR!...
HE HAS WONDERFUL
FOOTWORK WHEN
THE MOODS ON
HIM!



YES... HE MUST HAVE KICKED THE
CAR TO PIECES! THEN HE WAS SUBDUED
AGAIN -- AND LED THROUGH THE WOODS!
EVERY TIME HIS BARE FOOT CAME
DOWN, IT PUNCHED
A HOLE IN THE
GROUND!



The HUMAN BOMB is on the right track... but what will he find at the other end... in Wikard's hideout?

OKAY! HE'S TIED SO HE CAN'T SMACK US WITH THOSE DYNAMITE DOGS -- BUT WHY DIDN'T YOU JUST KILL HIM, AND BE DONE WITH IT?

HAVEN'T YOU ANY IMAGINATION? LISTEN, WIKARD... THAT LITTLE JERK CAN BLOW ANY SAFE -- KNOCK DOWN ANY VAULT -- WITH ONLY A TOUCH OF HIS FEET!

SURE ... IF HE WAS ONE OF OUR GANG, BUT...

MAYBE I CAN TURN HIS DAMPER DOWN A BIT! JUST WATCH!

WHY DO YOU WANT TO CAUSE SO MUCH TROUBLE, HANDSOME? WE ONLY WANT TO GET ALONG WITH YOU!

HANDSOME, SHE SAYS!

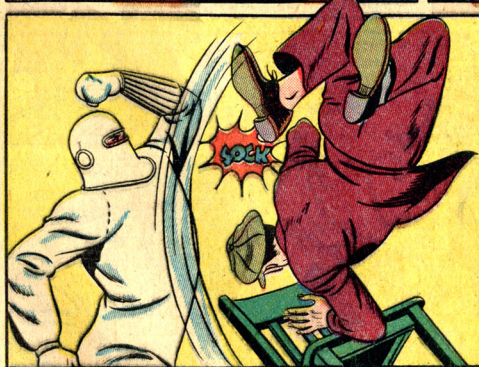
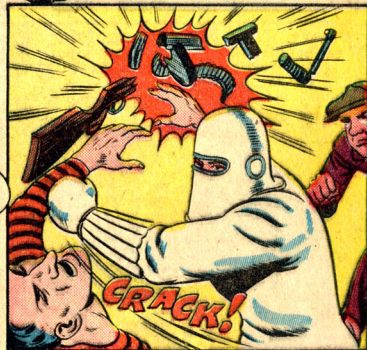
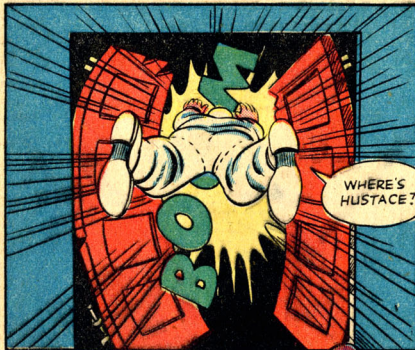
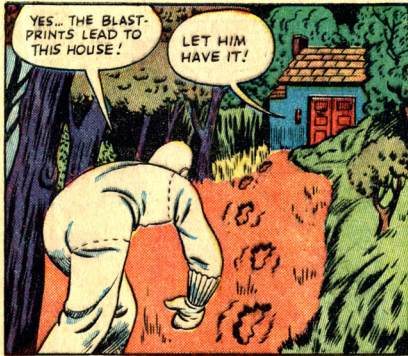
YOU'RE SO MEAN AND CROSS! -- AND REALLY I ADMIRE A STRONG MAN LIKE YOU! -- IF WE COULD ONLY BE FRIENDS...

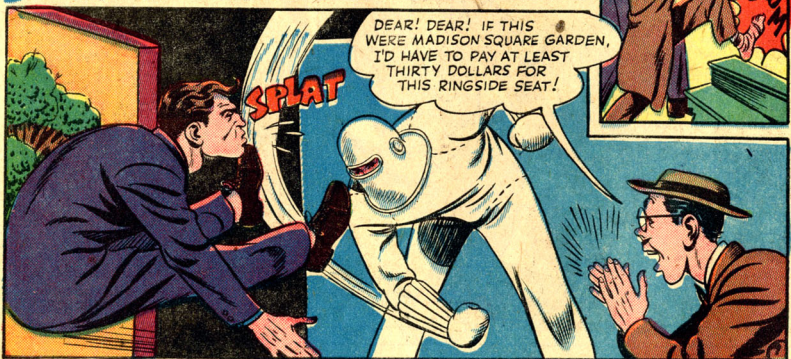
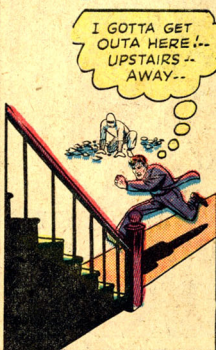
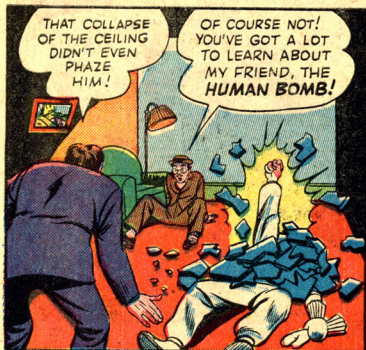
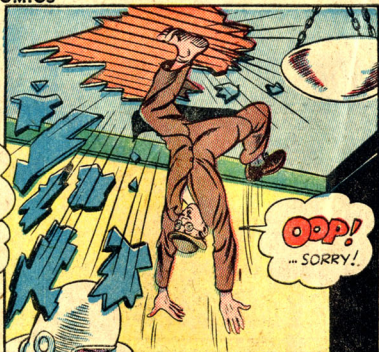
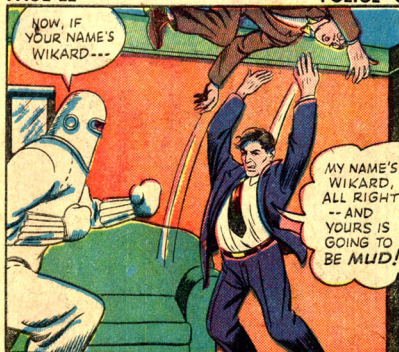
⤴, GULP!⤵
AW, NOW, I'M NOT REALLY ANGRY WITH YOU!

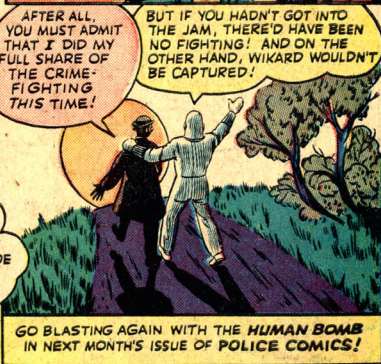
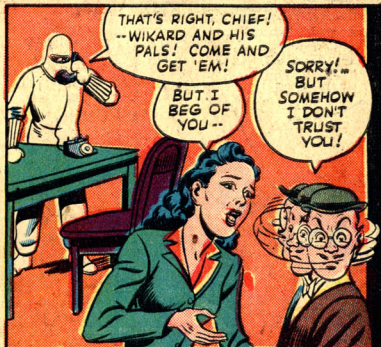
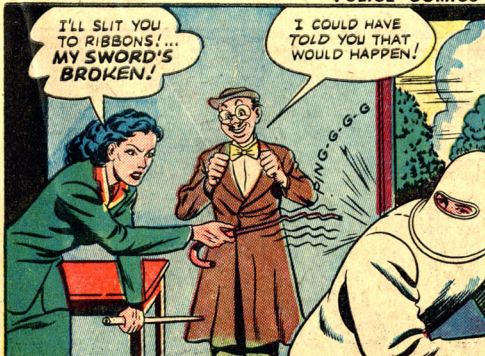
SHE'S SPREADING IT ON TOO THICK! MAYBE SHE DOES PREFER THAT LITTLE APE TO ME! ---

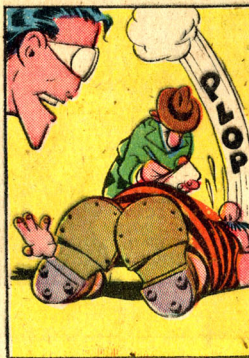
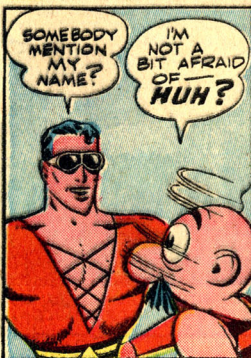
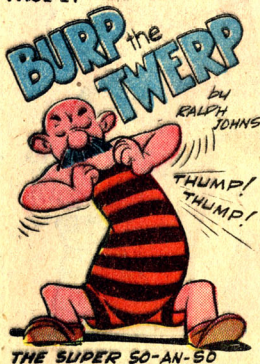
WIKARD!

LOOK OUT THERE! THE HUMAN BOMB'S COMING!

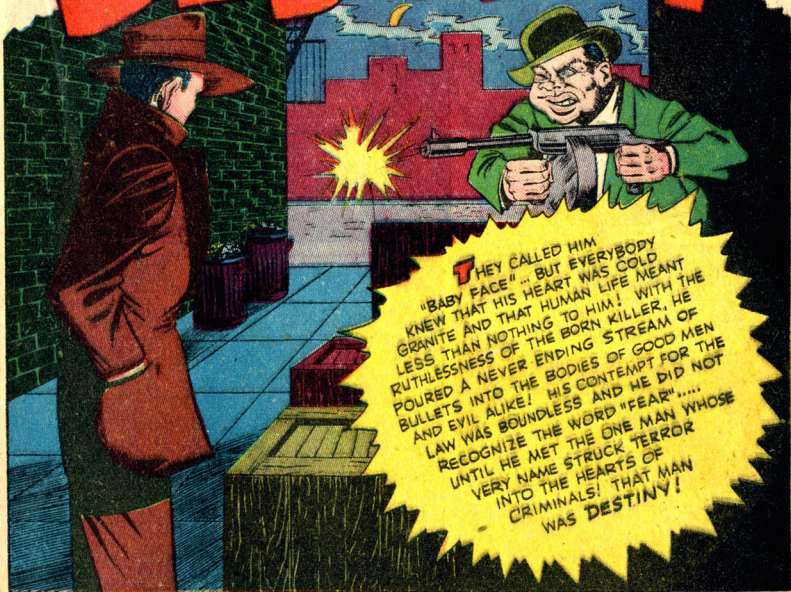








DESTINY

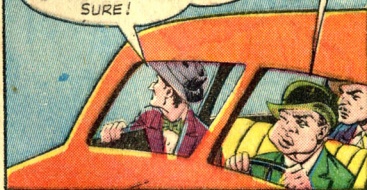


THEY CALLED HIM "BABY FACE" ... BUT EVERYBODY KNEW THAT HIS HEART WAS COLDER THAN GRANITE AND THAT HUMAN LIFE MEANT LESS THAN NOTHING TO HIM! WITH THE RUTHLESSNESS OF THE BORN KILLER, HE POURED A NEVER ENDING STREAM OF BULLETS INTO THE BODIES OF GOOD MEN AND EVIL ALIKE! HIS CONTEMPT FOR THE LAW WAS BOUNDLESS AND HE DID NOT RECOGNIZE THE WORD "FEAR" ... UNTIL HE MET THE ONE MAN WHOSE VERY NAME STRUCK TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF CRIMINALS! THAT MAN WAS DESTINY!

A POWERFUL CAR TEARS THROUGH THE NIGHT...

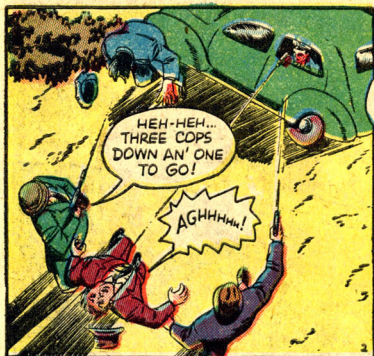
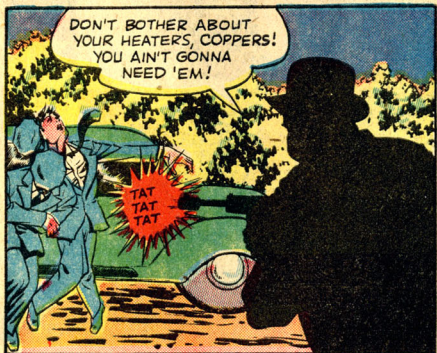
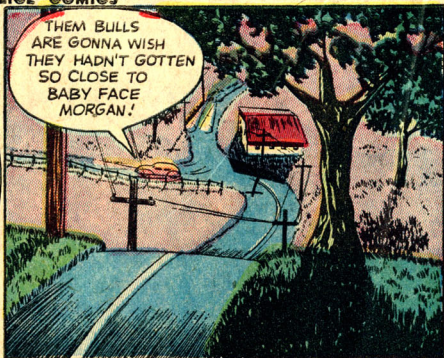
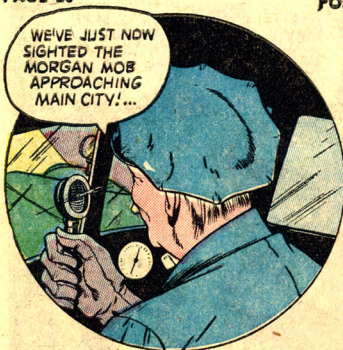
I CAN STILL HEAR THEIR SIRENS, BABY FACE! YOU AIN'T SHAKIN' 'EM LIKE YOU SAID! I KNEW THAT BANK JOB WAS TOO RISKY! THEY'LL CATCH UP WITH US SURE!

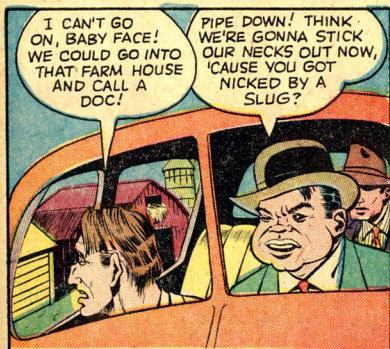
SHADDUP, YA YELLA RAT! ... I CAN OUTDRIVE ANY CARLOAD OF COPPERS IN THE COUNTRY!



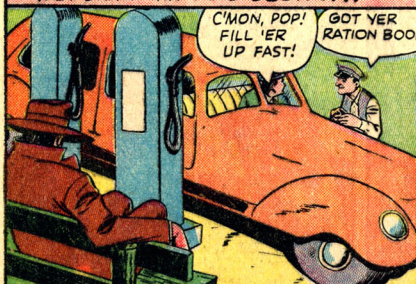
THERE THEY ARE! WE'RE CATCHING UP WITH THEM!







AS THE GAS STATION PROPRIETOR COMES OUT, THE GANGSTERS IGNORE THE WEARY-LOOKING TRAMP WHO RESTS ON A BENCH! LITTLE DO THEY DREAM THAT HE IS **DESTINY!!**



C'MON, POP!
FILL 'ER
UP FAST!

GOT YER
RATION BOOK!

RATION BOOK?
YOU A WISE GUY
OR SUMPIN'? C'MON,
FILL 'ER UP BEFORE
I BLOW YER
HEAD OFF!

G-GOSH...
GANGSTERS!



JUST A
MINUTE,
YOU...



NICE GOIN'-
JOE!

HELP!



WE GOTTA
GO TO PLENTY
OF TROUBLE AROUND
HERE TO GET
A TANKFUL
OF GAS!

UGH-HH!

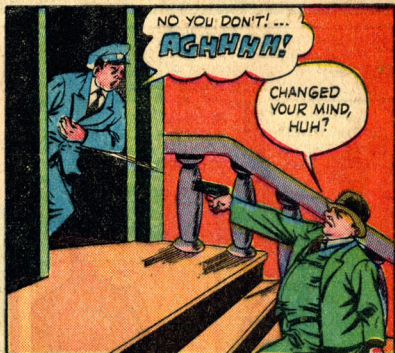
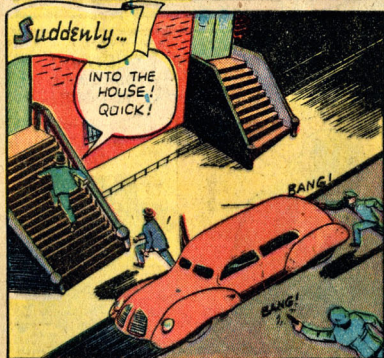
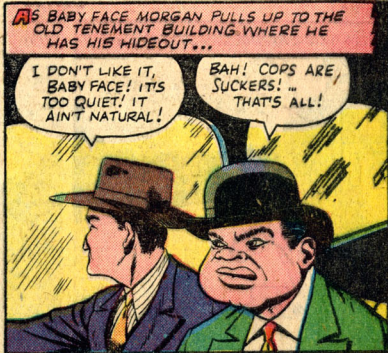


HEY! BABY FACE!
LISTEN TO
THIS
BROADCAST!

BABY FACE MORGAN KILLED
FOUR POLICEMEN IN A GUN
BATTLE ON ROUTE 24!..ONE
OF HIS MEN WAS KILLED!
MORGAN WAS LAST
REPORTED CHANGING
HIS COURSE AND
IS NOT EXPECTED
TO TRY TO GET
THROUGH
MAIN CITY!

WHAT SUCKERS! SO
THEY DON'T THINK
I'M GOIN' TO MAIN
CITY, EH? WELL,
THAT'S PERFECT!
WE CAN GO
STRAIGHT
TO THE
HIDEOUT AN'
HOLE UP THERE
UNTIL TH'
HEAT'S
OFF!





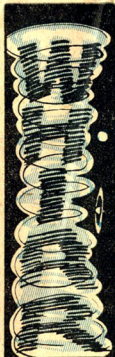
Meanwhile... AT THE GAS STATION...

OH-H-H! ... MY HEAD!
THE OLD MAN ... HE'S
DEAD! THOSE
DIRTY MURDERERS!



AN ODD SENSATION STEALS
OVER DESTINY! ...

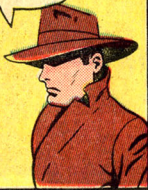
THE KILLER WHO MURDERED
THIS MAN ... HE'S KILLING AGAIN ...
KILLING ... KILLING ENDLESSLY! ...
NOBODY ELSE CAN STOP HIM ... I
FEEL IT ... ONLY I CAN PUT AN
END TO THIS CARNAGE! ... I'LL
GO INTO A TRANCE!



WHIRLED THROUGH SPACE AND TIME BY
THE MYSTERIOUS POWER HE POSSESSES,
DESTINY FINDS HIMSELF IN THE ROOM
WITH BABY FACE MORGAN ...

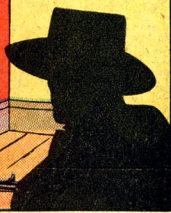
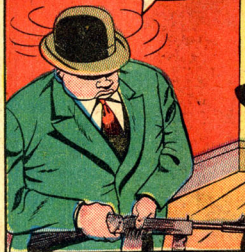
HAW-HAW!
GOT ANOTHER
ONE! THEY'LL
NEVER TAKE
ME!

PERHAPS THEY
WON'T -- BUT
I WILL...
MURDERER!



HUH? WHO SAID THAT?
YOU! -- THE GUY FROM THE
GAS STATION! HOW'D YOU
GET IN HERE? WHO
ARE YOU?

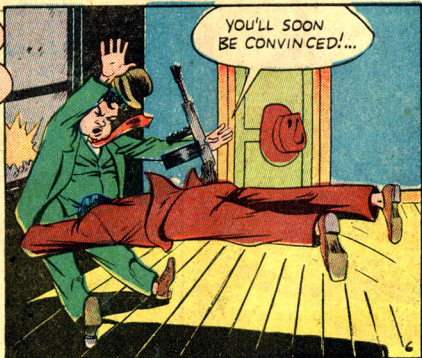
I AM
DESTINY!
YOU'LL KILL
NO MORE!

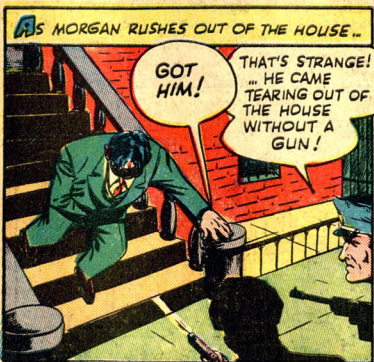
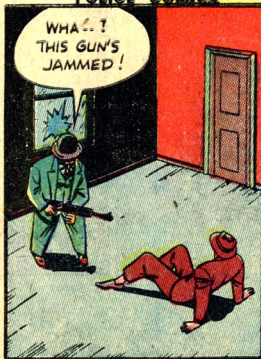


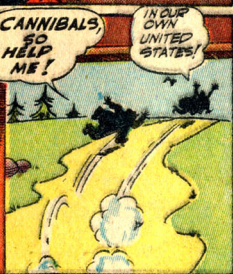
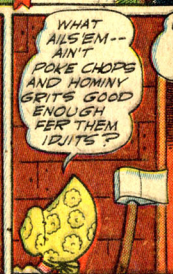
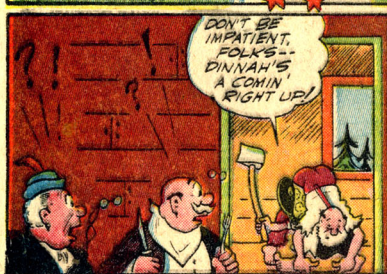
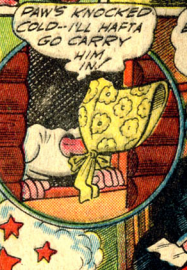
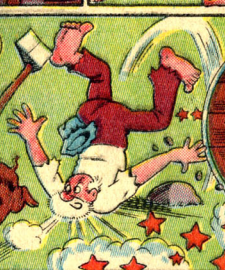
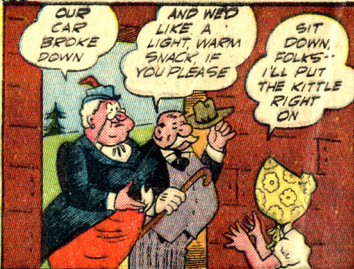
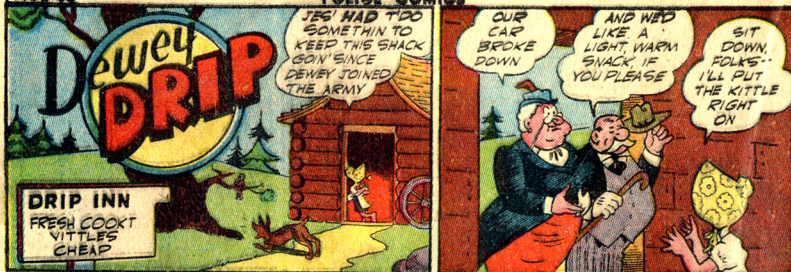
DESTINY, EH?
THAT'S A LAUGH!
--AN' I'M GONNA
KILL NO MORE, EH?
WATCH ME PROVE
DIFFERENT ...
ON YOU!



YOU'LL SOON
BE CONVINCED!...

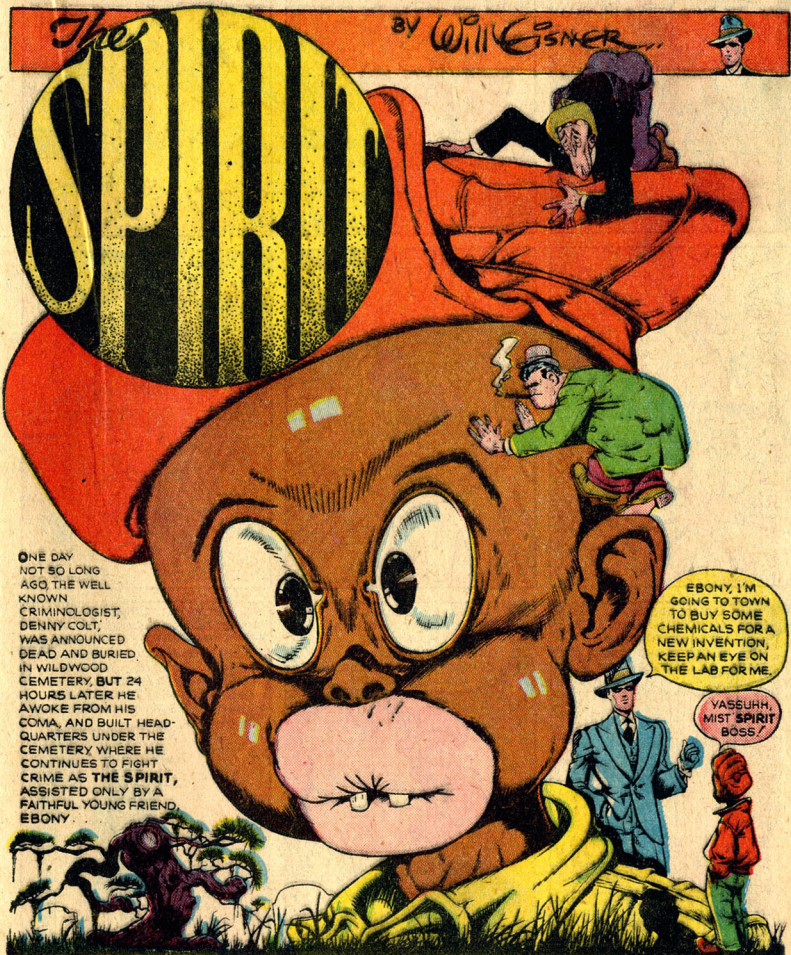






The

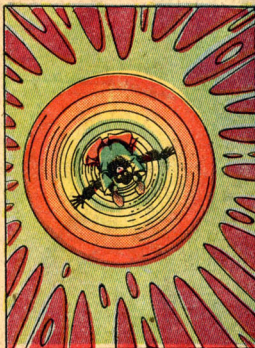
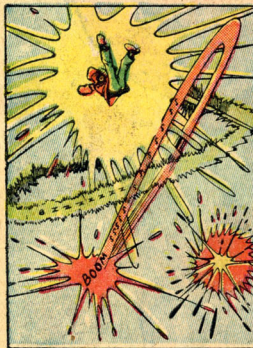
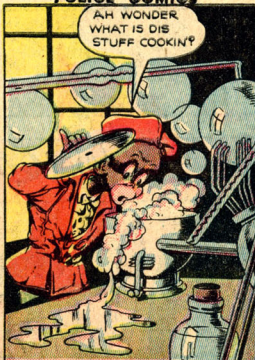
BY WILL EISNER



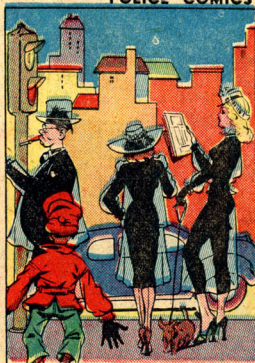
ONE DAY NOT SO LONG AGO, THE WELL KNOWN CRIMINOLOGIST, DENNY COLT, WAS ANNOUNCED DEAD AND BURIED IN WILDWOOD CEMETERY, BUT 24 HOURS LATER HE AWOKE FROM HIS COMA, AND BUILT HEAD-QUARTERS UNDER THE CEMETERY WHERE HE CONTINUES TO FIGHT CRIME AS **THE SPIRIT**, ASSISTED ONLY BY A FAITHFUL YOUNG FRIEND, EBONY.

EBONY, I'M GOING TO TOWN TO BUY SOME CHEMICALS FOR A NEW INVENTION, KEEP AN EYE ON THE LAB FOR ME.

VASSUUH, MIST SPIRIT BOSS!

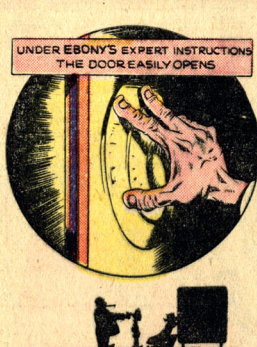
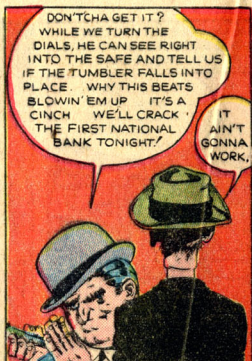
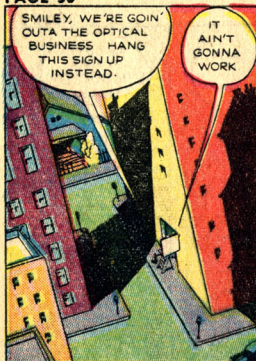


MEANWHILE LET'S FOLLOW
POOR EBONY AS HE WANDERS
THROUGH THE STREETS . . .



NOW, LET US LOOK IN ON TWO
"GENTLEMEN OF CHANCE"





AT THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
THE SPIRIT, SEARCHING FOR
EBONY, COMES UPON A CLUE

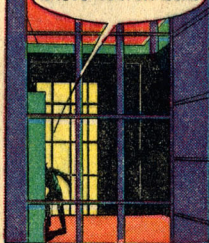


HMM... THE
CROOKS DON'T
USE ANY TOOLS
... MUST BE THE
GANG THAT
KIDNAPPED
EBONY.
BECAUSE THEY'RE
USING MY X-RAY
IN SOME WAY

AT
THE
NEW
BANK.



IF I KNOW CRIMINALS,
THOSE EGGS WILL TRY
THIS BANK TONIGHT,
AND I'LL BE INSIDE
WAITING FOR THEM..
THESE OXYGEN CAPSULES
WILL SUPPLY ME WITH
ENOUGH AIR FOR HOURS



LATE THAT NIGHT IN THE BANK...



C'MON, KID,
GET TO WORK!
TWIRL THE DIALS,
LEFTY... THE KID'LL
TELL YA WHEN Y'HIT
THE RIGHT
COMBINATION.

RIGHT,
BOSS.

BUT AS EBONY LOOKS
INTO THE VAULT...



GOLLY!
IF DEY
OPEN IT
AND SEE HIM,
DEY'LL SHOOT
HIM! DEY
GOT GUNS
... AH GOT
TO SAVE
THE SPIRIT!



AH REFUSE TO
DO IT... N-NO
MATTER WHAT
... EVEN IF YO'
SHOOT ME.



SHOOTIN'S TOO
GOOD FOR YOU,
PUNK!



C'MON, I
WANNA GET
MY HANDS ON
'NIFTY' DUGAN.
... SELL ME A
PHONEY, WILL
HE?!

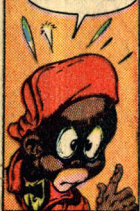
AFTER THEY LEAVE,
EBONY RISES WEAKLY.



GONE! NOW'S
MY CHANCE TO
RELEASE THE SPIRIT
... AH'LL OPEN
THE SAFE
MYSELF!

BUT...

HOLY JUMPIN'
JEEHOSOPHAT!
AH CAN'T SEE
THROUGH
THINGS NOMO!
AH JES SEES
REVERSE NOW!



THE SPIRIT'LL
NEVER GET OUTA
THERE NOW...
AH'LL GO GET
SOME DYNAMITE
TO BLOW IT
OPEN!



WONDER
WHAT'S KEEPING
THOSE YEGGS?
I HOPE NOTHING
HAS HAPPENED
TO EBONY!

WHILE EBONY IS GONE, THE CROOKS RETURN WITH SMILEY AND NIFTY...

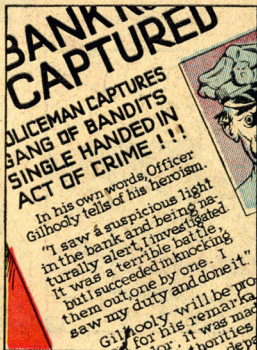
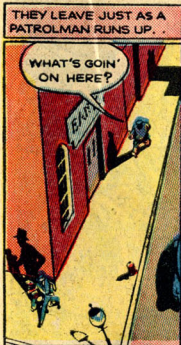
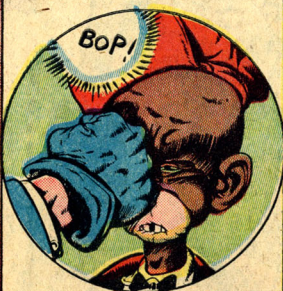


POLICE COMICS



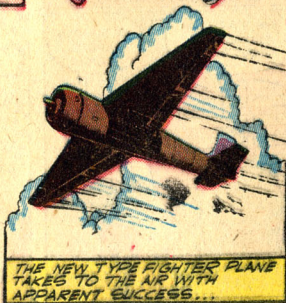
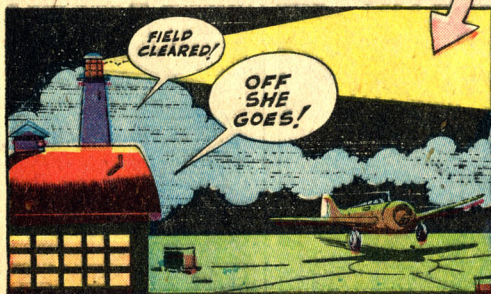
EBONY RETURNS...

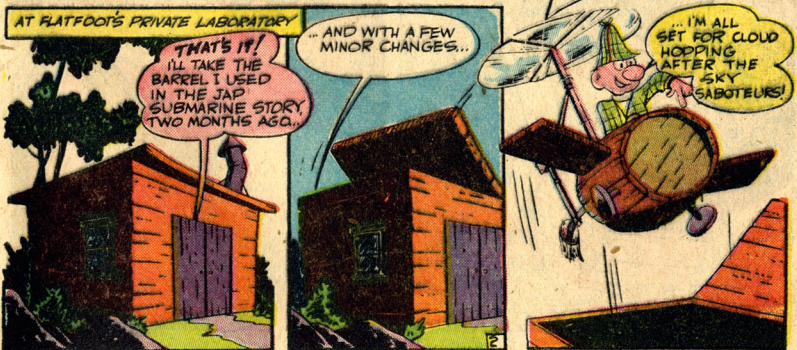
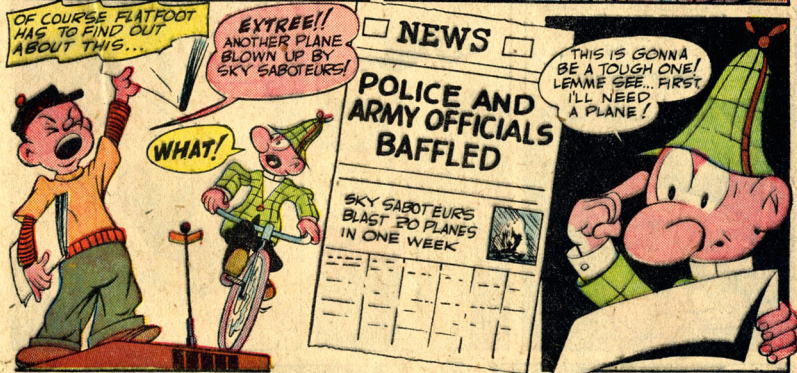


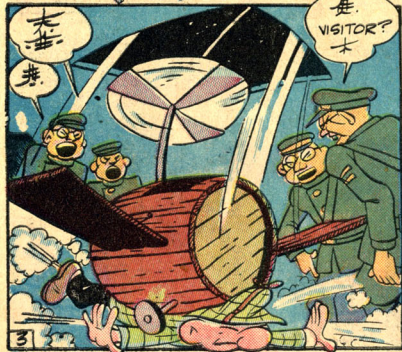
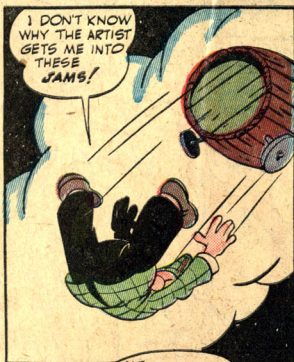
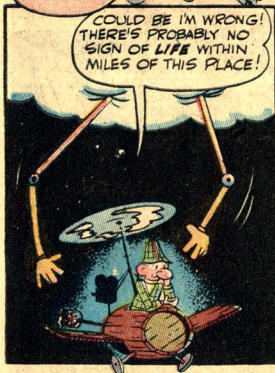
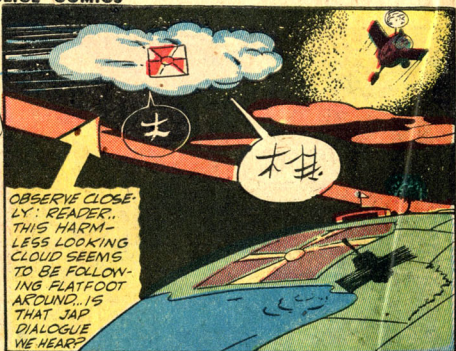
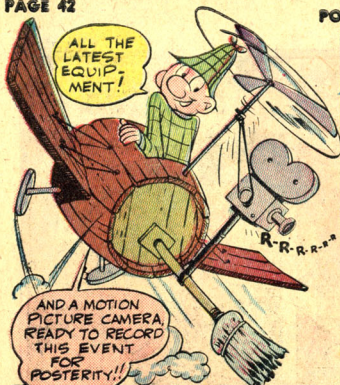


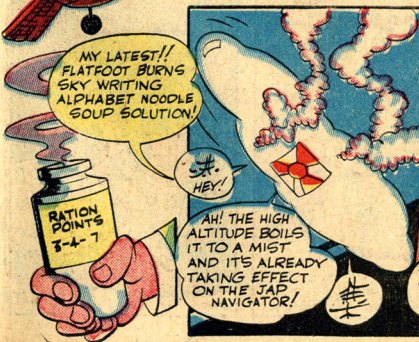
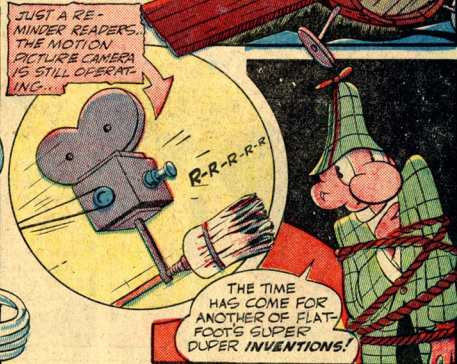
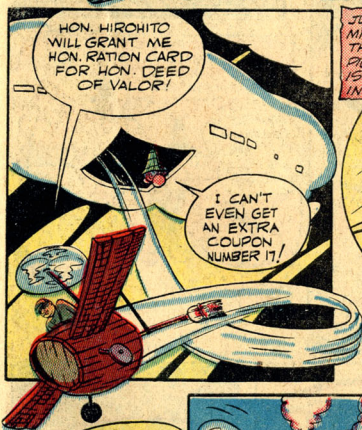
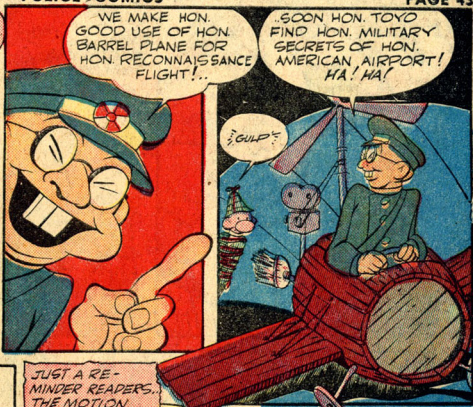
FLATFOOT BURNS

by AL STAHL



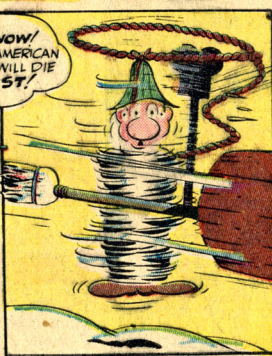
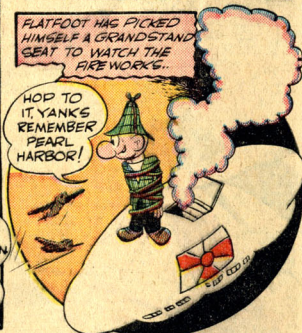
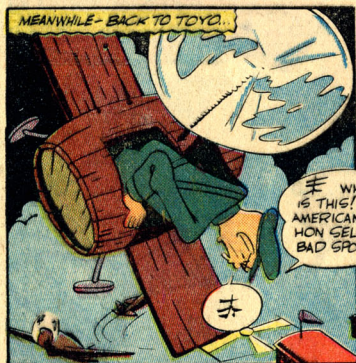


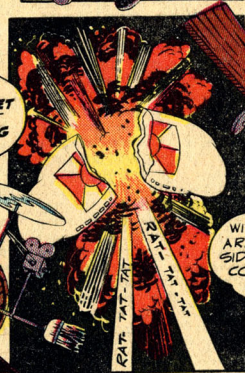
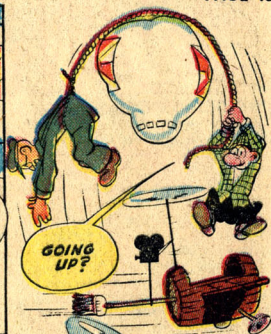
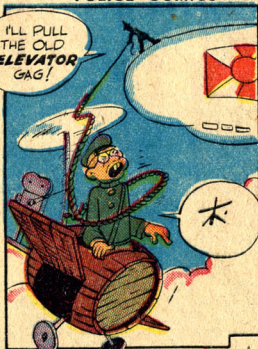




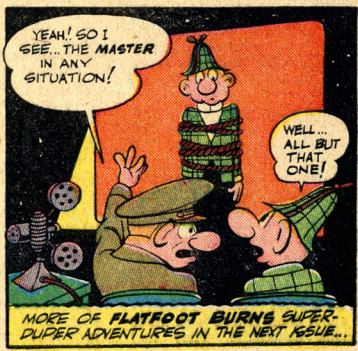
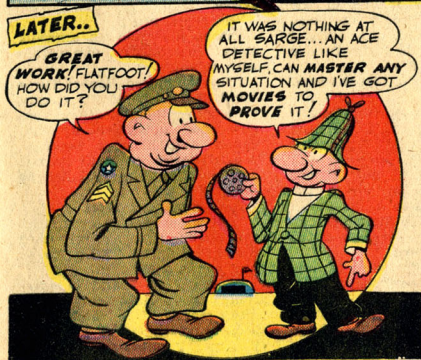


YIPE!
LOOKS LIKE
GOME OF
FLATFOOT'S
WORK!





LATER..



The SAN JUAN BLUEBEARD

THE full Puerto Rican moon looked down on a ghastly sight. Muldoon's body, bloated and discolored from the intense heat, floated in the marsh. Insects had eaten his eyes out.

There was not a distinguishable mark of violence on his body. He had always been something of a bully, so nobody was particularly concerned over his death. Not even the authorities. Muldoon, they reasoned, had either fallen into the marsh while intoxicated, or committed suicide. They held more to the first theory.

But when nine Negro laborers were found dead in a cane field on the Hackett plantation a few days later, there was a buzz of excitement. Who had killed them, and what was the motive?

Their bodies bore no marks. They were huddled together, obviously having died in the act of picking up a huge bundle of sugar canes. It was the harvest time.

Twice more in the same week death struck groups of people in the great San Juan Valley. First the entire crew of a narrow-gauge cane railroad died suddenly. The engineer still clung to the control lever. A brakeman, sprawled on a flat car. A dozen or more colored laborers riding the empty train back from the coastal shipping point had died in various attitudes. The train, with death aboard, had run through an open switch and stopped partly off the track.

That death had come instantly was perfectly obvious. But what form of death could it have been? A plague?

"Ridiculous," said Police Chief Manuel Rios. "No supernatural agency had a hand there. Such things are only for stupid people to argue about. Ah, no. We have here a baffling series of crimes and I mean to run the thing down!"

The several detectives clustered about their chief's desk made various comments. They had been working diligently on the

case, and finding exactly nothing in the way of clues.

"You hombres have got to dig up something!" the chief told them. "This can't go on—" Chief Rios paused to answer the phone. His face turned red, then paled as he listened to the rapid Spanish coming in over the receiver.

"Caramba!" he cried as he slammed the instrument into its cradle. "What do you make of this? Rojas reports that seventy-four laborers were found dead in a cane field belonging to the Britisher, Jordan-Smith. Seventy-four! Think of it, men!"

Gasps of astonishment broke from the detectives' lips.

"But how? How? what can these crimes be for?"

The following day nineteen women and children perished picking sugar cane. The tragedy occurred on a large plantation a few miles from the one owned by Jordan-Smith.

It was too much for the natives' superstitious minds. They went berserk, running through the streets screaming that devils possessed them. Riots broke out. Every plantation worker refused to go back into the fields. It had been in the cane fields where death occurred every time.

The planters were in a dither. It was in the middle of the harvest. They could not pick their precious crops without labor. Sugar was badly needed for the war effort.

Threats, offers of higher wages, did not entice one of the natives from their shacks. Nothing could induce them to go back and face the certain death that lingered in the canes.

Voodoo cropped out. Drums began beating far up in the mountains, and fantastic pagan rites were held in hidden places. Several murders were committed by crazed natives.

The local police were frantic. Not one clue had they found. The newspapers were lashing out at them. And the military had already taken things in command. All suspicious characters were rounded up. No one

could advance a sound theory.

Into this baffling situation came Dick Mace, a young American detective of considerable fame.

"I'll admit," he told Police Chief Rios, "that the whole thing looks bad. At the moment I have nothing to offer. I can only try to uncover the motive and, of course, run down the culprit back of the thing."

"Buena, Senor Mace!" cried Rios. "Muy buena! And you will begin at once?"

"Right now."

The evening following Dick Mace's arrival in Puerto Rico, a sudden tropical squall hit with blinding force. The rain came down in deluge and the lightning was an almost steady blaze of blue. Such thunder as Dick had never heard blasted his eardrums. It had been raining every two or three days for several weeks. The tail end of the rainy season.

Early the next morning Dick was awakened in his hotel by the phone ringing. He answered drowsily. But sleep quickly fled when he grasped what Police Chief Rios was trying to tell him.

"Get over here immediately, Senor Mace!" cried the chief. "A terrible thing has happened. No. I shall tell you when you arrive."

"Be there pronto!"

Officer Rios told an amazing story, generously interspersed with Spanish.

"Three hundred, Senor! Three hundred Puerto Ricans caught worshipping their heathen voodoo gods up there in that canon. And all of a sudden—poof! They're dead. Every last one of them. They're killed by—what?"

Dick shook his head.

"But we cannot sit by and let this terrible thing go on!" cried the police chief. "Who knows how many more—"

"Nobody, of course!" interrupted Dick. He resented Rios' hasty manner. Then he remembered that the older man was a Latin. "I mean, don't get excited. I told you that I'd begin

immediately on this case. . . . Now I think I'll run up to that canon."

The chief arose. "Buena," he said. "I'll go with you."

The canon of death was some eight miles from the city. They drove it in the chief's car to a point a mile from the canon, then got out and walked.

It was a wild, rocky ravine where the sunshine hardly ever entered. Craggy trees grew on the sides and poisonous looking bushes stood everywhere. But the contours of the canon didn't arrest Dick Mace's attention. There were bodies everywhere, lying in every attitude of death—or rather, where death had struck them. A small child was tied across a stone dais, evidently a victim of a pagan sacrifice to the voodoo gods. An old priest, still holding the knife which was to have been plunged into the child's breast, lay on his back at the base of the stone altar. His eyes were wide open, with a look of terror in them. Everywhere there were dead people, many of them lying in masses.

But there wasn't a clue as to what had caused the tragedy. The rain of the previous night had dried under the intense heat of the sun. Already decomposition had set in. Buzzards, grim scavengers of the wilds, wheeled overhead biding their time.

"Ghastly business," Dick commented.

Chief Rios looked deathly pale. "I've got to get out of here, Senor," he stated. "I'm—very sick."

Dick made a cursory examination of several of the bodies, but found nothing to indicate what might have caused death. He searched the canon for other footprints than those of the slain. There were none. Nor was there anything else to give him a clue.

"I'm baffled," he told Rios. "If you hadn't made so many autopsies, I'd think poison was the cause. Other than that, there might be something to cause sudden, intense nerve shock, such as violent sound, or fright. But I don't think it would kill everyone within a certain area."

Rios was stumbling down toward his car, retching as he went. Dick couldn't help but grin. Bluff old Manuel Rios, get-

ting sick at the sight of a few bodies!

They drove back to Headquarters, talking little on the way. Dick wasn't accustomed to such blank walls in his crime work. And the chief wasn't feeling like chatter.

In his room, Dick suddenly had a bright idea. He remembered that dead priest's eyes. Yes, he had seen eyes like those before. But where? Sing Sing prison! A condemned felon.

Clue No. 1. Now to find the motive and criminal!

Dick went downstairs and mingled with the crowd. He wanted to find out who was who. Was there someone among the planters who was extremely disliked or distrusted? Was someone gunning for someone else?

After a couple of hours of cagey interrogation, Dick picked up a lead: A queer duck named Kaerberle Von Zell was hated by most of the planters for being a crank and a thoroughly disreputable chap.

Dick set out for his plantation just after midnight. It was five miles from town, in a lonely region of the San Juan Valley.

Dick parked his hired car a mile from the house and walked toward it. The house was dark, but walking around to the other side, he discovered a garage with the double doors open and a light inside. Soon two men came out, dressed in unwieldy suits of some rubberish material. They climbed into a huge truck parked in the drive and started off. Dick ran and jumped on the back end.

They drove for hours it seemed, stopping eventually in a wild section of the valley. The rough road ran alongside a large cane field.

"They're still working here," said the biggest man, whom Dick took to be Von Zell. "Well, they won't be after today. Knocking off a couple of hundred more of these apes will really make these dumpkopf planters sell out to me. Let's get busy!"

The other man was unwinding a cable from a big drum on the truck, and taking its end into the cane field. When he returned after a half hour, it was raining lightly. It would rain heavily before the night was over.

"All right," said Von Zell, "let's get the truck hidden."

They drove off the road into

a thicket, the drum paying out the cable. The two men sat in the cab. Dick was getting wet on his perch, but he was here to see the thing through.

Dawn was streaking the east when the rain stopped. The cane harvesters would soon be here to begin their day's work.

Dick knew the score now. It was the most diabolical death scheme he had ever run into. And if he permitted the German to carry out his fiendish stunt, he too would be killed. He slipped to the ground, got his pistol out, and sneaked around to the cab.

"Put 'em up!" he barked. The German lunged, but Dick clubbed the pistol over his head, and he collapsed with a groan. The other man jumped from the cab and ran into the woods.

Dick soon had the German tied up with ropes, then he piled into the truck and started it up. It took him two hours to drive to Police Headquarters in the city.

"Here you are, Chief!" he told Rios. "One of 'em got away, but this lug is the ringleader—and he's awake!"

They got the German inside and began firing questions. First, about the strange suit of rubber he was wearing. Von Zell seemed eager to talk. The suit was insulated rubber, making them safe from the 20,000 volts of electricity the generator in the truck developed, and which they shot into the cane fields over the copper cable they first laid. The rain and wet canes did the rest, conducting the deadly current everywhere within hundreds of yards of the cable.

"So you electrocuted those poor people!" snarled Rios. "Well, Von Zell, your turn is coming. We'll give you a dose of your own medicine!"

They found eventually that the German wanted everyone out of the valley, and the plantations in his own possession, because he had discovered that there was a rich vein of gold running entirely through the San Juan Valley—but it didn't touch his own place.

Police Chief Manuel Rios shook hands with Dick Mace. "I wish you'd stay till we turn the 'juice' on this rat Nazi!" he said.

But Dick had another pressing job awaiting him.

SUPER SNOOPER

AGAINST THE FORCES OF EVIL,
THE GREAT DETECTIVE ONCE
MORE PUTS HIS NIMBLE WIT...

WUXTRY! READ ALL ABOUT IT!

HM-M-M-
IS IT
POSSIBLE?

CITY NEWS
ART TREASURE
STOLEN
MURDER
OF LORE'S
PRINTING

AH-THERE
HE IS!

POLICE! I
GOT YOUR MAN,
GO TO BZ-Z-Z-Z...

CAREFUL BOYS-HE MAY
BE DANGEROUS!

WHERE'S THAT
PAINTING!

WHAT
PAINTING?

HEY-YOU GUYS!-
THE CHIEF SAYS THEY
FOUND THE PAINTING-
NOTHING HAS BEEN
STOLEN!

THEN WHAT DID
THAT GUY DO?

WHO ME? I'M THE GUY
WHO DRAWS THIS STUFF!!

GGY
NOW!

PHANTOM LADY

The PHANTOM LADY has matched her brains and courage against murderers, saboteurs, crooks, and practically every other representative of crime spewed forth from the underworld -- but at last she meets a menace in the form of four fiends disguised as innocent citizens -- a menace calling for her last ounce of ingenuity to survive! In case you don't know it, The Phantom Lady is really Sandra Knight, daughter of Senator Knight ---



HERE'S SANDRA, NOW,
PRESSING THE DOORBELL
OF HER HOUSE ...

SEE YOU
LATER,
DON ...

RIGHTO!
--AND
BE SURE
YOU'RE
READY!



GOOD
EVE ...
WELL,
WHO ARE
YOU?

GOOD
EVENING ...
"LOOEY" IS THE NAME,
MA'AM -- THE
SENATOR'S
HIRED ME AS
THE HEAD
BUTLER ...



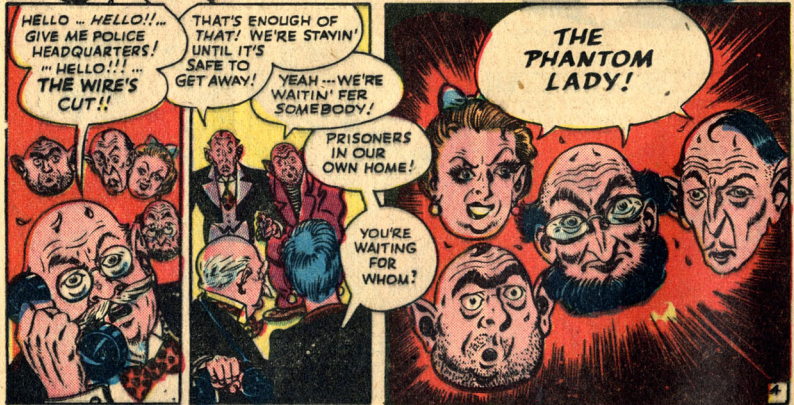
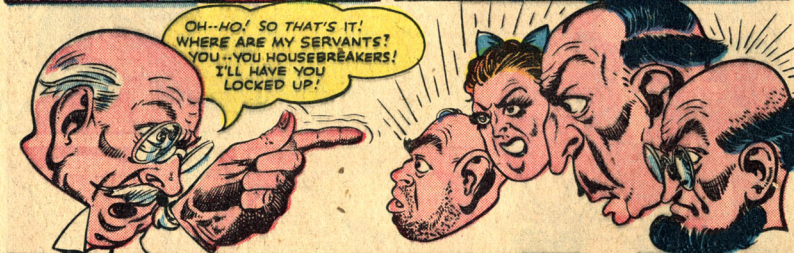
IS FATHER
HOME
YET ?

NOT YET
MISS KNIGHT...
-- THAT MUST
BE THE SENATOR
NOW ...









SANDRA QUICKLY DUCKS OUT OF SIGHT, SHEDS HER CLOTHES, AND EMERGES AS --- THE PHANTOM LADY!!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE PHANTOM LADY HAS TO DO WITH THIS, BUT SHE'S GOING TO FIND OUT!

HELLO! ...
LOOKING FOR ME?

LOOK! ...
IT'S HER!

THE PHANTOM LADY!

SOMEBODY'S AFTER US! --WE READ IN POLICE COMICS THAT YOU ALWAYS HELP PEOPLE IN TROUBLE... SO WE WANT YOU TO HIDE US!

I'D BETTER HUMOR THEM...

NO GOOD! ... WE GOT THE SERVANTS TIED UP THERE!

OKAY! I'LL PUT YOU IN THE CELLAR...

WAIT HERE! ... I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

THE PHANTOM LADY HURRIES TO THE CELLAR, WHERE SHE FINDS THE HELPLESS SERVANTS ...

I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A MOMENT!

THANK HEAVENS! IT'S THE PHANTOM LADY!

CALL THE POLICE! --THERE ARE MANIACS LOOSE!

AH-HAH! SO THE PHANTOM LADY DOUBLE CROSSES US, TOO!

I'M GONNA KILL YOU, PHANTOM LADY! I'M GONNA KILL YOU! ... I MUST KILL SOMEBODY!...

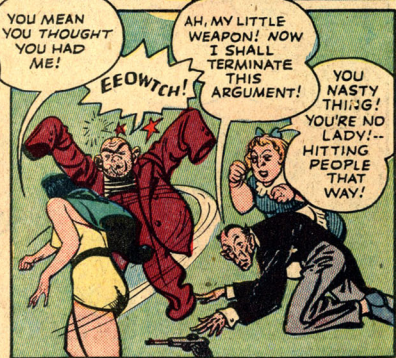
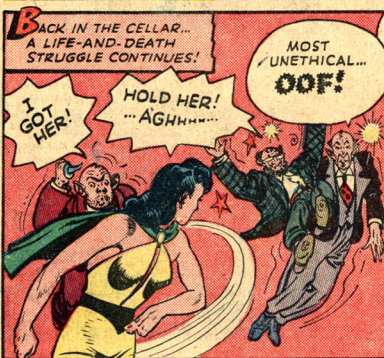
BUT STEEL LEGS SUDDENLY CATAPULT THE MYSTERY GIRL THROUGH THE AIR, AND -----

RUN UPSTAIRS! ... I'LL TRY TO HOLD THEM OFF! ...

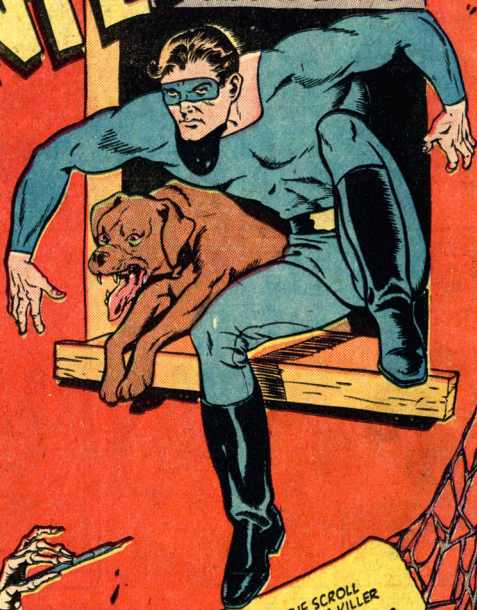
OOF!

OWW!

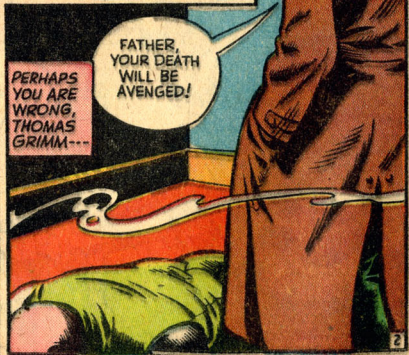
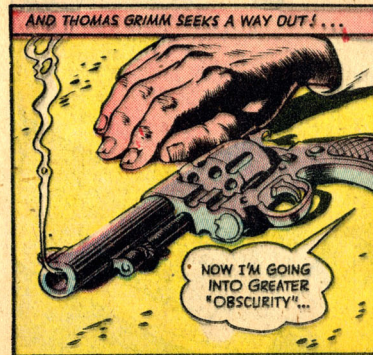
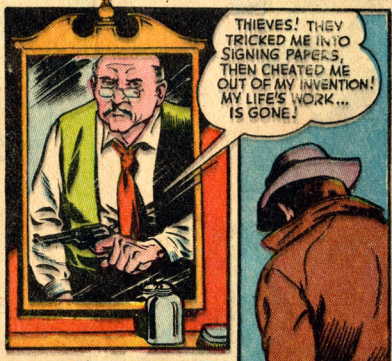
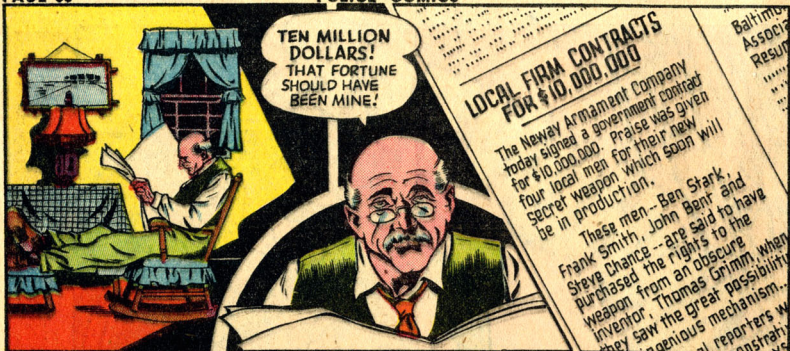
BANG

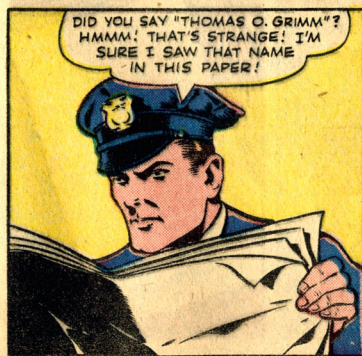
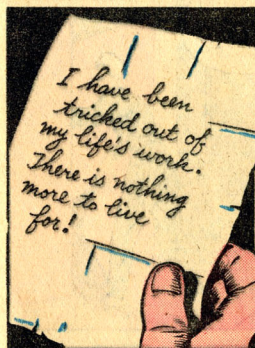
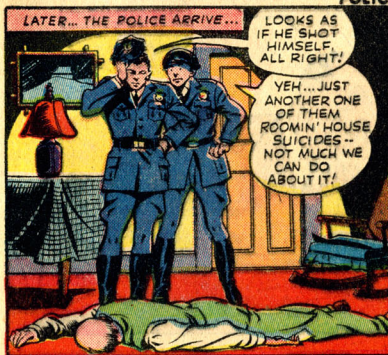


MANHUNTER

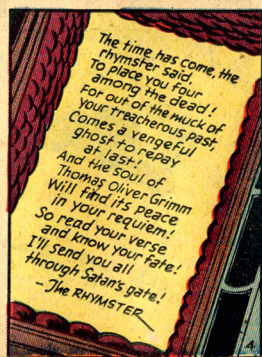
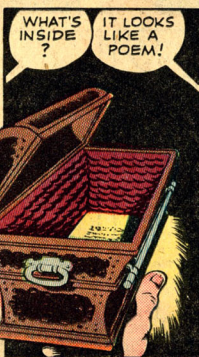
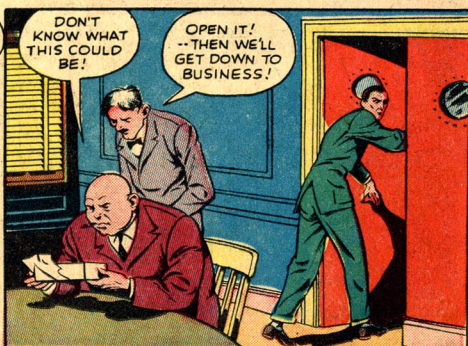


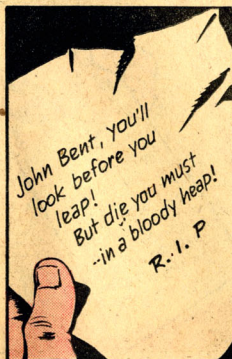
NAMES ARE WRITTEN ON THE SCROLL OF DEATH, AS A MYSTERIOUS KILLER PREYS UPON HIS VICTIMS! WHO IS THE MURDERING RHYMSTER? HE WARNS OF HIS COMING WITH MACABRE VERSE! HE TELLS MEN WHEN AND HOW THEY WILL DIE! THEN HE STRIKES WITH SUDDEN DEATH! IS HE A GHOST, OR IS HE? BUT WAIT! YOU CANNOT SOLVE THE MYSTERY! READ ON, AND LET MANHUNTER PIT HIS WITS AGAINST THE UNKNOWN KILLER, AS THE MANHUNTER AND HIS MIGHTY DOG, THOR, SOLVE THE CASE OF THE **MURDERING RHYMSTER!**





POLICE COMICS





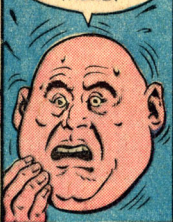


IT WAS NO JOKE, AFTER ALL! WE'D BETTER GET OUR WILLS IN ORDER!

POOR OLD JOHN!



WE'LL LEAVE HERE! WE'LL GO TO MY PLACE IN THE COUNTRY! IT'S CLOSED FOR THE WINTER! NOBODY WILL FIND US THERE!

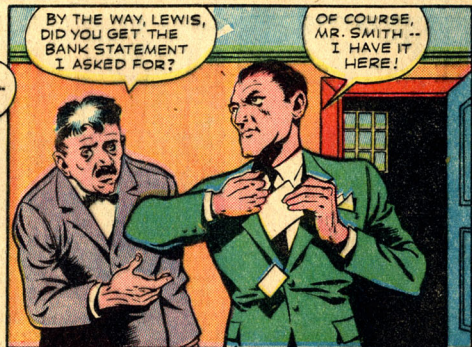


THOSE PAPERS MUST BE HERE! I'LL FIND THEM -- IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!



YOU'D BETTER COME WITH US, LEWIS! WE CAN GET SOME WORK DONE -- WHILE WE WAIT!

I HAD PLANNED TO GO ALONG, MR. SMITH... WE HAVE A GOOD DEAL OF-- UNFINISHED BUSINESS!



BY THE WAY, LEWIS, DID YOU GET THE BANK STATEMENT I ASKED FOR?

OF COURSE, MR. SMITH -- I HAVE IT HERE!

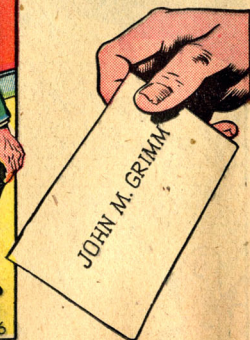


HERE YOU ARE, MR. SMITH! IT SLIPPED MY MIND!... THE DEATH OF MR. BENT, YOU KNOW!

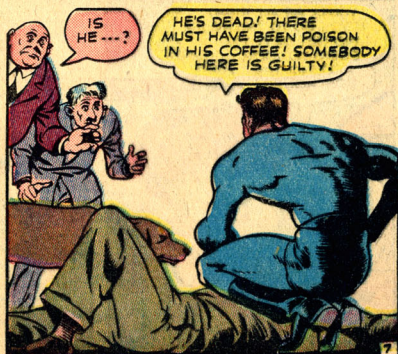
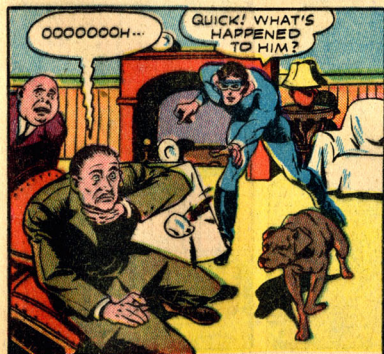
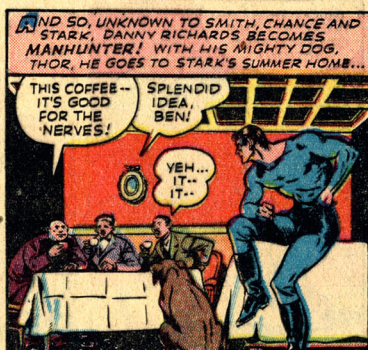
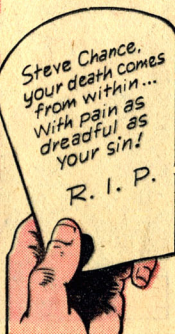
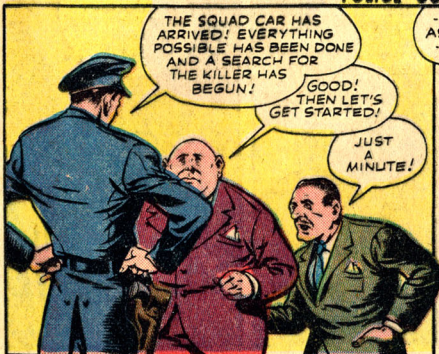
YES... I KNOW...



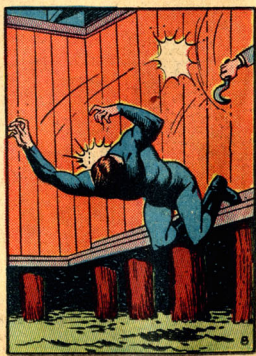
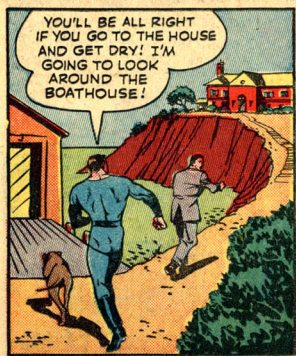
WHEW! THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL! I'M GLAD HE DIDN'T SEE THIS!

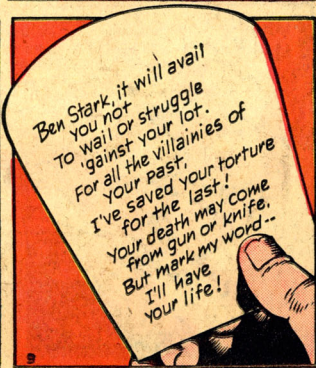
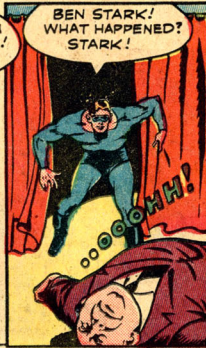


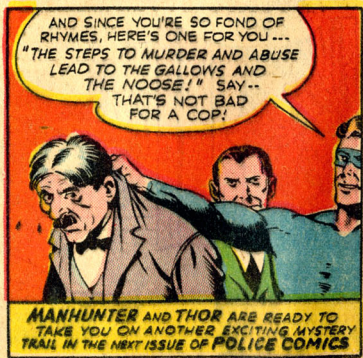
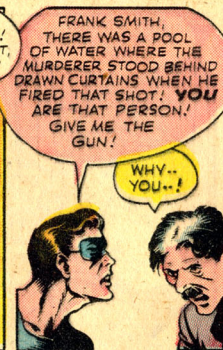
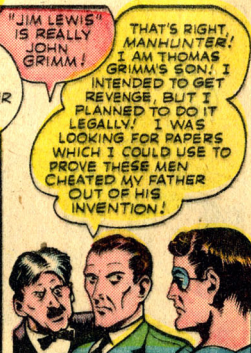
JOHN M. GRIMM



POLICE COMICS









- BASEBALLS
- KNIVES
- FISHING EQUIPMENT
- SCOUT EQUIPMENT
- STERNO STOVE - GAMES
- MODEL AIRPLANES
- WAR STAMPS - ATHLETIC EQUIPMENT

How would you like to have a real working model of the famous BOEING FLYING FORTRESS! Man alive, it's a honey! You can build this plane yourself—then fly it! Think of the thrill you'll get when you send her into the blue for the first time. Can't you see those four propellers flashing in the sun as your FLYING FORTRESS heads into the wind—climbing higher and higher, then leveling off—headed straight for her target? You bet it's a thrill. All parts cut out and ready to assemble. Wing span, 32 inches. A real he-man flying model.

But that's not all! SEND FOR MY PRIZE BOOK TODAY. It's packed from cover to cover with the kind of prizes you've always wanted. A wrist watch, woodsman axe, camera and games. A fishing kit, complete with rod and reel and all the fixings, and best of all—War Savings Stamps. All these things will come to you as a successful Crowell Junior Salesman. Your own business—cash profits, and many swell prizes. START TODAY. CUT OUT AND MAIL THE COUPON TODAY.



CLIP COUPON AND MAIL ON PENNY POST CARD TODAY

Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. 996
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: I want to claim some of your wonderful prizes. Start me at once and tell me how to earn cash and War Savings Stamps.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Here's How To Start!

Let me start you earning money, prizes and War Stamps right away. It's easy. It's fun. All you have to do is deliver Collier's Magazine (one of the most popular weeklies in America) to customers whom you obtain in your own neighborhood. Will take only a few hours of your spare time and will not interfere with school or play. Just fill out the coupon or write me a penny post card to let me know you want to start at once. My address is: **Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. 996, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio.**

Boy! Oh! Boy!

What MUSCLE... What a BUILD... What SPEED!

I'll tell you—You're Way Up Front With STRENGTH LIKE THIS!

Let me show you what I can do for you!

I know what you want! Strength! Endurance! Speed! A body to be proud of! You want tough, hard muscle on your shoulders, arms, back, and legs. Maybe you want to get rid of some of that fat. Maybe you're sick and tired of being kidded by the other fellows. Yes! I know what you want! Give me a chance to give it to you, and if in a short time you don't agree that I've done my job, I don't want any of your money!

POWER PLUS Means Vitality, Energy, Strength!

All my life I've been making big muscles out of little ones. I've trained thousands of average boys and young men. I've trimmed down heavyweights. I've built up scrawny little fellows. I've done it in person; I've done it thousands of miles away! I've developed an amazing method called Power-Plus, the most original system for physical development ever

devised. There's nothing exactly like it anywhere—at any price. I work on your shoulders, your arms, legs, back, and chest. You must see definite results—or you don't pay! At the end of a short training period you must FEEL and LOOK like a different person, or I'll refund every cent you paid!

How'd YOU like to be able to defend yourself against all comers—to protect others if necessary—ready for anything?



How'd YOU like to win in the hundred yard dash—or run a mile without becoming winded?



How'd YOU like to be physically fit for an officer's rating in Army, Navy or Coast Guard? You may be in the Army some day and you'd certainly want to win your stars or bars.

How'd YOU like to be able to beat the crowd in athletic contests—prove your skill, strength, and speed?



Beat the Other Fellow to the PUNCH!

I want every boy in America to have this opportunity! Yes, and every young man! If you're getting on toward Army age, I want to get you ready for officer material—for a bigger, huskier physique.

I want to make a winner of you! I don't care how old you are, where you live, or what you do, my proposition goes for YOU. Get started before the rest of the crowd does!

This Is the Most Remarkable Offer I've Made!

I'll give you my latest streamlined Power-Plus Course that is BETTER than my Hollywood Course that thousands of others gladly paid me \$25.00 for. I'll give you every fundamental Power-Plus principle—VIBRO-PRESSURE, TONIC RELAXATION, PSYCHO-POWER, RHYTHMIC PROGRESSION. I'll give you the original, specially posed Photo-Instruction Charts—thirty-nine of them, each almost a foot wide and a foot and a half long. I'll give you the original BINDER-EASEL to hold the Charts with complete instructions on every detail of your routine. I'll give you the complete original TRAINING TABLE TALKS with full advice on the muscular system, food, bathing, and other subjects. I'll send you all the essence of what I have learned in physical culture for the last 20 years!

All I ask you to pay for ALL OF IT—entire and complete—is only \$1.95. Think of it! That's not a down payment, not the cost of a single lesson, but \$1.95 FULL PRICE—for EVERYTHING!

And Here's My MONEY BACK OFFER!

Use all the materials I send you. If you don't agree they are the biggest money's worth you have ever had, or if they don't do a tremendous job for you, mail them back any time in FIVE WEEKS, and I'll make a complete refund. Just fill out the coupon and mail to me. When your package arrives, simply pay the postman \$1.95 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. Or, if you prefer, enclose \$1.95 IN FULL, and I'll pay the postage myself. JOE BONOMO, 80 WILLOUGHBY STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Better Than My
~~\$25.00~~ COURSE
Only \$1.95
FULL PRICE

Show this to Your Mother or Dad!
TO PARENTS: Encourage your son to care for and improve his body. Give him every chance for health, strength and self-reliance. Undoubtedly, you know of me and my work. You know you can safely put your son's physical future in my hands. The above letters from Jack Dempsey and Bernarr Macfadden speak for themselves. Sincerely,
JOE BONOMO

Read These Two Letters

from Jack Dempsey—

I consider your "POWER PLUS" course tops for all-around physical development—power, strength—endurance. The secrets and short cuts you reveal with your system of body development are miraculous and I cannot endorse your course too highly.

from

Bernarr Macfadden—

As an instructor in muscle building, you should stand at the head of the list. Many of your pupils already attest to your ability in building better bodies. I can recommend you most highly. Here's wishing you all possible success!

FREE FOR PROMPT ACTION!

5 Instruction Photo-Prints of 5 famous Muscular Champs. Size 8 x 10, suitable for framing for your room, den, or gym. Quick action gets them. Send coupon today and you get them FREE!

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Just Mail This Coupon

A new streamlined Power-Plus Course that's BETTER than your \$25.00 Hollywood Course? Send it along. I will pay the postman \$1.95 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. I agree to follow your instructions exactly, and if I am not completely satisfied with results I understand I can return your materials and receive full \$1.95 refund AT ANY TIME WITHIN FIVE WEEKS.

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